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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Hats in the Ring

By William Marion Reedy

Democracy Gathers

DEMOCRACY'S strong men and wise are gathered here in convention to renominate and, as they hope, to re-elect Woodrow Wilson. They are not, I should say, over-confident. They realize that Mr. Wilson is, as we say, a minority President, that he had less votes than his two chief antagonists in 1912. They hope the chief opposition vote will remain hopelessly divided this year.

✧

President vs. Kaiser

One serious question confronts them—a very practical one. It is this: Has President Wilson's course with regard to the war lost his party the support of its members of German birth and antecedents and any considerable number of members of Irish birth and sympathies?

There are self-appointed leaders of the Irish and the Germans who proclaim that their fellows will vote against Mr. Wilson because his neutrality as to the war in Europe has been to the advantage of the Allies and to the disadvantage of the Teutonic-Turkish powers. I don't propose to argue that point here and now. All I say is that the problem of such disaffection is practically the only one that worries the leaders of the Democratic party.

Because of this there is a disposition to label Mr. Hughes, the Republican candidate, as the Kaiser's man, thereby making the issue appear as one between straight Americanism on the Democratic side and pro-German on the other. If that issue can be made to work—well and good, for ninety per cent of this country is pro-Ally. But I doubt if it can be made to stick. It seems to me that Mr. Hughes was nominated by the New England and other Eastern pro-Ally influences. No one in this country is more pro-Ally than Henry Cabot Lodge, and he wrote the Republican platform. To be sure, he voted for Roosevelt after casting his vote as per instruction for his colleague from Massachusetts, Senator Weeks, but this was due Roosevelt as Senator Lodge's personal friend and as a return for the compliment of Roosevelt's suggestion of Senator Lodge as the one man whose nomination by the regular Republicans he would support.

✧

Is Josephus a Jonah?

Democrats looking around for weak spots to strengthen can see but one, and that doubtful. That spot is Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy. But Daniels is not clearly wrong or out of place. The naval caste doesn't like him—naturally. He rather disciplined them in certain sumptuary matters. He did not follow the experts' recommendations as to naval increase. If he had he would have been asking for ships enough to whip all other nations' fleets combined. Besides, Daniels wants to wait until he learns something about battleships in battle before rushing them into construction at about \$18,000,000 per ship. Furthermore, I don't see how Daniels is a

weak spot, if Wilson is strong, for Daniels surely represents Wilson or he would not be in the Cabinet after such a blasting as he has received. Daniels looks to me like the administration's "fall guy." He's where he is, to take the blows and say nothing, resting assured the President is with him.

✧

Morgan vs. Rockefeller

If it be said that Morgan, the financial agent of the Allies, supported Roosevelt, the answer is that the Rockefeller money will be found backing Hughes. The Rockefeller forces are not markedly pro-German. Indeed, the Rockefeller influence is rather anti-Teutonic in a particular domestic issue. Rockefeller is popularly supposed to be a strong supporter of the Prohibition movement, and if Hughes represents that idea to any extent it ought not to get him many German votes or Irish votes either. A Prohibition president might put over a constitutional amendment for national prohibition. Such is a rather vague argument that percolates through the purloins where Democrats most do congregate in this town this week.

✧

A Solid Front

President Wilson is the Democracy's platform—what he has done and what he proposes or purposes to do if re-elected. They stand on that—neutrality and all. They say that the other party has nothing to offer but criticism of the Wilsonian acts. And a glance at the opposition platforms confirms the statement. The Democracy is a united party. There is no disaffected element other than those named above. Even Mr. Bryan, who was, and is, more pacifist than Wilson is or than Wilson once was, comes to the support of the Wilson programme.

✧

Enter G. S. Viereck

The Democrats have some minor troubles, but they are very minor. As to the main issues the party in power simply stands pat:—"Wilson, that's all." Personally, I don't like the slogan: "Wilson against the Kaiser," raised by the New York *World* and *Post-Dispatch*. I doubt if it's fair. I think it unjust to the vast majority of German voters. I like George Sylvester Viereck, of *Fatherland*, though I am pro-Ally all the way, but I don't think that his support of Hughes makes Hughes distinctively the pro-German candidate in this campaign. Stigmatizing Hughes as "the Kaiser's candidate" may prove to be a roorback. Not that I love Viereck less but truth more, I want better evidence of Hughes' pro-Germanism than the fact that Viereck and other perfervid Germanists prefer him to Roosevelt or to Wilson.

✧

Marshall or Baker

President Wilson wants Mr. Marshall, of Indiana, renominated for Vice-President, and this will probably be done. Newton Baker, now Secretary of War, is mentioned for the place. He is an abler man than Marshall, but his abilities would be more useful to his party and his country in other positions. There might be danger if Marshall should succeed to the Presidency, but while Mr. Marshall talks in

rococo fashion at times, he always acts right. The President being the platform he should be permitted to name his running mate. There is no positive reason why Marshall should be thrown into the discard. Newton Baker might be named if he had been considered earlier. He might carry Ohio as Marshall may carry Indiana. He might carry both Ohio and Indiana, but possibly he might not, because it is doubtful if the country is ready just yet to elect to the Vice-Presidency a man who sat at the feet of Tom L. Johnson. As a Single Taxer, Baker looks good to me, but I doubt if the country wants a Single Taxer in such high station. Anyhow, I think President Wilson's wishes in this matter of the Vice-Presidency will govern in the convention. Marshall is the man, though Baker would be, with his progressiveness and efficiency, better.

❖

Who'll Succeed Hughes?

Another thing the Democrats are mulling over. Whom will President Wilson name for associate justice of the Supreme Court to succeed Mr. Hughes? I think that after naming Mr. Brandeis recently, he will be inclined to select a Democratic conservative to balance things. It would be impractical politics to name another radical now. A suggestion is made that the President should name Mr. Taft. That would be a nice return for the ex-President's support of the President's policy with regard to the war. But why nominate a conservative like Mr. Taft to interpret the Constitution according to Republican principles? A Democrat must believe in the Constitution democratically interpreted. It were folly to put democratic legislation on the statutes and then put a Republican on the supreme bench to nullify that legislation. That might have done when there were fewer vital differences between Democracy and Republicanism than there have been of late years. A Republican President could appoint a White, but that is because there isn't much difference between a Democrat like White and a Republican. But there is a tremendous fundamental difference between a Democrat to-day and any Republican, and especially a Republican like ex-President Taft.

❖

The Democratic Platform

We shall not see the Democratic platform before the MIRROR is printed this week. We shall have had no savor of the convention's spirit except what is to be found in ex-Governor Martin H. Glynn's splendid keynote speech linking up Wilsonian neutrality and national prosperity and proving the former to be in accord with the precedents of our most venerated Presidents in the past. The ex-Governor of New York, made an ex by an outbreak of religious proscription, started off the campaign for the Democrats with a state paper that will tend to settle the question of the neutrality of President Wilson's neutrality once for all—at least I think so.

The Democrats go into convention not too vauntingly as to victory. They understand that they have a fight on their hands. They know that they have no walk-over. They will write a platform like a Wilson speech: indeed, Wilson will write the platform. They will probably condemn Mr. Hughes for being a candidate while on the supreme bench, but that will not carry far. There is no reason why a presidential nominee should not be chosen from the supreme bench. There is a vague tradition against it, but no more. It is not known if there will be a plank for a single presidential term, as there was in the platform

of 1912. Possibly there will be said nothing about the Panama Canal tolls. But we must "wait and see," as Premier Asquith says.

❖

Bryan and other Reporters

Probably Mr. William Jennings Bryan will be asked to address the convention, but probably he will decline, because if he should speak he would have to say some things that would not be harmonious. His peace views might complicate matters, or he might leak over into Prohibition with grewsome results. But it will be strange to behold a Democratic convention, the first in twenty years, with Bryan voiceless therein. The man who dominated at Baltimore in 1912, as he did at Chicago in 1896, and Kansas City in 1900, will not be even so much as an alternate at St. Louis in 1916.

Mr. Bryan is here as a reporter. And let me say that the reporting of this year's convention is the rottenest ever. Swarms of syndicated writers drool opinions, not news. And they are all humorous upon compulsion,—for the money. No man more appreciates the work of Will Allen White, Sam Blythe, Irwin Cobb, Bert Leston Taylor and others, more than I, when they write unsyndicated, when they take their time to write. But at Chicago and here they are writing forcedly and perfunctorily and they are doing themselves an injustice as they are doing their readers a grievous wrong. There is too much humor—God save the market. And likewise there is too much funny picturing. The conventions are not being reported at all. They are simply being written about to show the cleverness of the writers. The writers are clever, all right, but under too hard a drive, and national conventions are not all a joke. The slightly cynical, *blague* treatment of the conventions is not the sort of thing most to be desired in a crisis like the present. Politics is not all political buncombe and make-believe. But it's the fad to spread on feature writing of a flippant tone and the boys who serve the features need the money.

Prospects are that there will be nothing discordant in the Democratic gathering. Indeed, one hears lamentation that there is so little chance for a row. Everything will be quiet and orderly and possibly a bit mechanical. The convention will register the will of the great masses of the party. That will is Wilson. At this writing—Wednesday noon—there is nothing more that can be said. It is safer to write of the Republicans and Progressives who have done their do, at Chicago.

❖

The Mess at Chicago

It was a mess at Chicago. The weather helped make it so. The conventions were dull. There was plenty of noise but it was all machine-made. The "demonstrations" for the different candidates in the regular convention were palpably organized. The *clacque* was too much in evidence.

Even the Roosevelt enthusiasm was somewhat forced, I thought. All the while one realized that back of the enthusiasm there was a force holding down the delegations. Roosevelt could have been nominated the first day, or at the least, the second day, without speeding up the machinery. The delay was for dickering. The Colonel was running his bluff on the regulars. But it did not work.

There was not one speech in the Republican convention that rose above the commonplace of conventional oratory. Senator Harding's "keynote" was a distressing disappointment. Raymond Robins did better in the Progressive gathering, but he was only saying over

again what Roosevelt had said forty times. All the nominating speeches were flat. Out of neither convention came one phrase that caught the public.

And the platforms are nothing but guff. They denounce the Democratic administration "from hell to breakfast," but there is not a line in either indicating any constructive alternatives to democratic policies. Not one flash of genius appears in either.

❖

Hughes on Merit

These two were the flattest conventions I have ever attended. Personalities were uninteresting for the most part. But who could enthuse over Penrose or Barnes or Murray Crane? There may have been some interest in Henry Cabot Lodge, but it was purely intellectual. It was awful to look into the headquarters of Burton or Weeks or Fairbanks or even Sherman. You'd never know a man named Cummins was running. And if someone spoke of La Follette, you wondered what he was doing in that galley. There was talk of Hughes, but no shouting for him. Yet from the beginning it was plain that Hughes was going to be nominated.

The favorite sons were too light to stop him. They could not get together. Each was sure that none of the others was heavy enough for the occasion. To be quite honest about it, one realized that Hughes was the best man of the bunch. His name carried a connotation of dignity and ability and his power was patently not a matter of machinery. While there was no enthusiasm for him, there was an underlying conviction that he had the necessary "class." I don't suppose many people at Chicago liked Hughes personally, but clearly, no one underestimated him. Not even the Progressives.

From Wednesday to Friday the two conventions marked time. They were waiting each on the other. From the start it was a cinch that the regulars would make no concessions to the Progressives. The bosses held their delegations well in hand, though indeed there was not much need of holding. The delegates, no matter what other badge they wore, were for Hughes. His silence was his strength, because the talk on the other side was bore-some. The man's character was what carried him through it all and after all. This, I think, will prove itself in the long run, amid the storm of partisan invective and vituperation. You felt Hughes as a personal force. You felt him as a big personality, not a creature of the bosses.

❖

What He Had to Beat

There were but four things urged against him. First, his nomination would put the Supreme Court into politics. That was, and is, pure bunk. If Hughes had played politics as a supreme court justice, he would not have been in the race. The nomination of Hughes will not put the supreme court in politics. And a supreme justice who gets into the political game will never be nominated for president. In all the searching of records no case has been found in which Hughes, as supreme court justice, has even appeared to decide anything to advance his own or his party's fortunes. There's nothing to the clamor against nominating a man off the supreme bench. The Democrats may as well drop that issue. If they believe in Democratic principles they should rejoice that Hughes' nomination takes him off the bench and gives President Wilson a chance to nominate in his place a man who will interpret the constitution democratically.

Second, it was said that Hughes was the

candidate of the hyphenates. If anybody believes Hughes isn't as good an American as any of the rest of us, that believer is a fool. To be sure, some German sympathizers declared they preferred Hughes to Roosevelt or Wilson; but that does not commit Hughes to hyphenism. Col. Roosevelt raised the hyphenism cry and to a certain extent belabored a man of straw. We shall have to have more evidence than is now available to convince any sane folk that Hughes is for Germany or any other country against the United States.

Third, it was said that the interests were for Hughes. The answer to that is that the money was all for Roosevelt. The Colonel was Wall Street's candidate. The heavy society bunch at the Blackstone hotel was a Roosevelt crowd. The Roosevelts there—and they are a charming, forceful, clever set, with a finely affable democracy of manner—constituted a sort of royal family. Money? If money could have won the day, Roosevelt would have captured both conventions in a twinkling.

Fourth, it was said that Hughes could not win the election without Roosevelt. The future must tell as to that. All I will say on it now is that Roosevelt is not to-day (Wednesday, June 14th) as strong as he was the preceding Wednesday and then he was not as strong as he was four years ago.

Finally, as to Hughes' strength let me say that he is no bosses' man. He fought the bosses in New York as Governor. He blew up high finance in the insurance business. He "busted" the race horse gambling game. He favored primary nominations under state control. He was gloriously hated as Governor by every element in New York business and politics whose opposition could be considered by the public to be a compliment.

❖

Hughes a Strong Man

While I am a Democrat, I think the nomination of Hughes a particularly strong one. I think Hughes is a man whose strength will grow. At the start it has paralyzed Roosevelt—absolutely paralyzed him. He says he is "out of politics." Maybe he is not—for good. But there is no question that he is for the time being in a position in which he does not know what to do.

❖

Teddy Hanging on the Ropes

By Friday of last week, even Roosevelt was for Hughes—if only Hughes would make some sign of willingness to let it appear that he was willing to accept a Rooseveltian platform. But Hughes would not trail. He stood pat.

There was something both ridiculous and pathetic in Roosevelt's telegram to a man not of the regular convention saying he was willing to appear before that body—if it would invite him. He was then hanging on the ropes. His last gasp was the suggestion that he would support Henry Cabot Lodge if nominated.

The reply of the regulars was the nomination of Hughes on a platform which pointedly omits all reference to the Rooseveltian programme of making this year's campaign an issue between Germany and the United States. The anti-hyphen "holler" died down.

Roosevelt played his politics too hard. His manager, George W. Perkins, could affect no compromises for the reason that the regulars simply would not let Roosevelt dictate the platform.

Roosevelt might have shut out Hughes if he had had any support from the "favorite sons," but they were a sorry lot. Even their

own state delegations were not strong for them. They were afraid of Roosevelt, and while they did not like Hughes, they had more faith in his judgment, and indeed, in his availability. They were trimmers all right, but for that very reason they could do nothing much. They were useless to Roosevelt and Hughes did not need them in fact.

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T. R.'s Dilemma

Worse even than that—his letter in which he says he must take time to consider his future course, is an evidence that his steam is gone. What *can* he do? Can he run as the Progressive candidate and in all probability re-elect Mr. Wilson, whom he professes to despise? That would be inconsistent—though Roosevelt is no bigot for consistency. On the other hand, having led his followers out into the political wilderness, can he hike back into the regular camp and leave them to political starvation? That would utterly destroy the legend of Rooseveltian chivalry. He must do one thing or the other. I think he will support Hughes, will eat his crow and profess to like it. On any very small peg he will be willing to hang his loyalty to Hughes. Only by doing this can he hope to stay in the game of politics. How about deserting his followers, though? Well, the only followers who will be really left to their fate will be what he himself calls the "lunatic fringe." They will rage and rave; but most of the Progressives will go back into the old party. Their idol is pretty badly battered. And, as I said above, Hughes is a personality that will grow. Moreover, the argument that Hughes is too much like Wilson will be just the thing to hold in line the former Republicans who cannot think of voting for a Democrat.

Roosevelt may have his eye on a nomination in 1920. That is a long way off. But if he has ambitions in that direction they will not be forwarded by his Progressive candidacy or by sulking in his tent. He cannot figure now that he will win leadership in the Republican party by contriving for it another defeat. That party has shown him that it will not surrender to him. He got nothing. He did not even compel it to frame its platform for his acceptance. It ignored his issue. If the platform is glitteringly vague, it is so not because of Roosevelt, but because it was framed so as to hold no taint of Rooseveltism.

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Roosevelt's Lost Strength

Chicago showed Roosevelt has not the following he had in 1912. And for this chief reason, that Roosevelt stood in 1912 for things that commanded a following among people not thinking in terms of war and bloody murder. He was strong then because of his humanitarianism. Now he stands for militarism. He has lost the Jane Addams, Socialist, Single Tax, General Uplift contingent. What of the recall of judicial decisions, for instance? What of the war on malefactors of great wealth? What of the whole pharmacopoeia of remedies for the evils of Big Business? "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" As for preparedness, in what respect is Hughes or Wilson less fervent in advocacy thereof than he? As for denunciation of allegiances other than American in possible belligerent contingencies, Wilson has equaled him in vigor and surpassed him in elegance and in philosophic fundamentality. What Hughes will do with the divided allegiance issues we may imagine. He will swat it. But he will not rasp and abuse and ballyrag all Americans whose sympathies are with Germany as against Great

Britain, solely because of the fat-headed, flannel-mouthed, leather-lunged folly of some few extremists in the German-American Alliance. Hughes will not indict a whole people for things they are guiltless of, simply because their hearts go out to their brethren fighting and dying in the trenches.

Roosevelt's divided allegiance issue is a dead one, as he overstated it. The Democrats may try to make some capital out of it by saying that Hughes is the candidate of the Kaiser, but that will not carry them far. They cannot afford to impugn the Americanism of every voter who would like to see Germany win over England. They need the votes of American sympathizers with Germany. If President Wilson has by his course lost some of those votes because the voters have misinterpreted his action, the thing the Democrats must do is to prevent the loss of more such votes.

❖

Democrats Stand Pat

It seems to me that the Democrats will have to make their fight upon one thing—the positive record of the Wilson Administration, the definite legislation it has accomplished, the clear-cut programme it proposes for the next four years. This is their advantage. They are the people who have done things. The opposition says that those things were not well done, but it formulates nothing in the way of declaring what better could be done. Wilson has "got 'em" there. Even he has them on the tariff, for his party lowered the tariff and ruin has not come. And for the future he favors a tariff board to fix the tariff scientifically. To my thinking, this is an abomination, but anyhow it blocks Republican agitation of the tariff question. What of the American marine? The Democrats favor a government-owned marine to inaugurate the restoration of American shipping and to stop there, when the task is done. The Republicans want ship subsidies which shall never cease. Is business afraid of disturbance and persecution? There is Wilson's Federal Trade Board to assure that business shall not be lynched. The Federal Reserve bank act has kept currency and business on an even keel in a stormy time. Never before have the Democrats had such a commanding position, had so much to show to the business man and the labor element in demonstration that it is inimical to neither, that it regards the interest of both.

❖

The War Issues

As for the issues of the war—what would Hughes have done, other than Wilson did, about the invasion of Belgium, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the British hold-up of our ships and cargoes, the rifling of our mails? He would have written notes just as Wilson did, in much the same language. He would have been equally patient with Dumba and von Papen and Boy-ed. He would have been judicial, just as Wilson was, and he would not have taken a running jump into war. I can see nothing in the Republican platform that sets forth a single thing which indicates that the party proposes or purposes anything different. It speaks in big words of a firmer stand. But how would or could a stand be firmer than the one which made Germany modify its methods of submarine warfare?

❖

As to Mexico

There is but one point at which the Republicans have Wilson. That is with regard to the refusal to recognize Huerta in Mexico. But in that matter, there is this to be said:

that Wilson took a stand upon the law above international law. He refused to recognize murder, when probably he should have recognized Huerta's election. In all that has occurred after that, Wilson has simply refused to go into Mexico and set up a government over the people there. He has refused to inflame all Latin-America against us by action that would confirm its suspicion of our intention to absorb the continent. He has held back from precipitating more war upon a world already sickened of slaughter.

✱

Man Better Than Platform

It is my opinion that the Republicans are stronger in their candidate than they are in their platform. It is not unlikely that the candidate may inject into the campaign issues not new, but old issues more clearly defined. Hughes has the gift of vivid statement. He is not a pussy-footer, unless he has changed since he was Governor of New York. His pre-convention silence, wise as the occasion called for, will hardly be followed by post-nomination evasion. But exactly how he is to counter on Wilson on any of the issues as at present defined, my prophetic soul cannot now discover.

Indeed, I should like the situation better if there were a clearer definition of issues between the parties, for as the platforms stand, there is not much to choose between them. For myself, I am convinced that on the issues apart from war issues, Wilson has the best of it. His policy is the policy that will develop opportunity out of which alone can develop industrial preparedness and efficiency and widespread prosperity.

So far as concerns the army and the navy, the army bill gives all that even a Roosevelt could ask, and the navy programme must go slow until we learn what there is to learn about naval equipment and its operation from the sea-fights in the present war. Wilson's administration has "got" the opposition there, too.

In fine, Hughes is a good candidate. The Democrats who belittle him are mistaken. The evidences that he is a party unifier are multiplying even now. He is not a man likely to make egregious mistakes. Certainly he is in little danger of talking too much. So far as is now known, he is not controlled by any body of politicians and big business men "who know exactly what they want." He was not, as Governor of New York. In intellectuality he will match Wilson as he certainly surpasses Root. He has poise. He is a peace man, else he had not triumphed over the Berserker Roosevelt. He looms larger as Roosevelt diminishes in his plight of almost ridiculous indecision. Whether he is too much the legalist to be the President of this country, one does not know, though one knows that he is a distinguished legalist and all legalists fear change more than they fear injustice.

He was not chosen for Republican candidate because anyone loved him, but because he was the best man offered, the best man according to the country's need at this time, as Republicans interpret that need. He seems to have dished Roosevelt for good. And in so far as he differs from Roosevelt he resembles Wilson. So that the nomination of Hughes is in itself, in so far as it goes, a Republican indorsement of Wilson.

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Both Hughes and Wilson are the undictated choice of their parties. Between the two it will be, as Champ Clark says, "some horse-race."

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Siegfried, Rosalind and Father Tim

ST. LOUIS contributed two beautiful breaks to her blundering record, this convention week. First was the hold-up of the National Democratic Convention for boxes for directors of the Coliseum, by closing the doors and threatening not to open them if the Committee did not come across. The Coliseum was built by public subscription. It was saved from sheriff's sale by public subscription. It is a public institution. It draws rent from the National Democratic Committee and that committee pays the rent out of the \$100,000 contributed by St. Louisans to secure the convention. It is disgraceful if Coliseum directors have been running a free box graft for themselves on all affairs given at the place.

Then there was the "Siegfried" performance at Robison Field, egregiously mismanaged, to the disgust of about 10,000 people. The ball park people insisted that the stage be 200 feet and the orchestra 150 feet away from the audience. One could hear the singers but the exquisite "Siegfried" music by Bodansky's orchestra was utterly lost. The people tore up their seats and moved nearer the music and the stage and the evening was wholly spoiled. All, to save a baseball diamond.

Both these incidents were bad advertisements for St. Louis. But there's another side.

Nothing more exquisitely lovely than the *al fresco* "As You Like It" in Forest Park was ever seen anywhere. It was lovelier than the real forest of Arden and it gave us something of the quality of that forest as seen in Shakespeare's glamouring backward glance at his own youth. The presentation was real poetry. The setting and the lighting were worthy of the acting, which was flawless. Miss Anglin's *Rosalind* was the incarnation of girlish romance, wit, coquetry, tenderness; Mr. Mantell's *Jacques* embodied the glories of the part's tradition; Frederick Lewis was a manly, impetuous, generous and tender *Orlando*; Sidney Greenstreet a jovial *Touchstone*. Then there were Helen Mar Stewart as *Audrey*, Genevieve Hamper as *Phoebe*, Max Monteleone's *William*, Eleanor Brent's *Celia*—all charming, all Shakespearean. The performance was a piece of almost perfect illusion, of translation into a world of art in which nature is recomposed. The epilogue of May day, revels was an idyllic picture and the Shakespearean music in the velvety night air was of a dainty lingering antiqueness.

Too bad that every convention visitor could not have seen this "As You Like It" of our community theater. It was a second adventure in municipal dramatics and a most successful one. The Pageant Association repeated the triumph of the 1914 Pageant and Masque and in a more artistic essay. The city did splendidly what private enterprise lamentably failed in. Score a big one for civic or community art!

Too bad, too, that all our visitors this week could not have attended Father Tim Dempsey's silver jubilee as a priest at St. Patrick's. A broth of a boy is Father Tim—shrewd head, true heart. He's a man-maker and a woman-saver. He has put self-respect into the hobo. His hotel has put 905 off the map. He has civilized a large area of slumdom and is the law east of Seventh street and north of Morgan. His law is the law of kindness only. His people try to live up to what Father Tim makes them think of themselves. His hobo's hotel and his working women's home are institutions worth more than any

Carnegie benevolences. They don't pauperize any of the beneficiaries. They are primary schools of character and self help. And Father Tim does his work of reclamation and restoration in simple pastoral fashion, without any whangdoodling or cant of the uplift. He doesn't preach. There's never been a *soggarth aroon* quite like him before, anywhere. I'm not sure that he is not St. Louis' greatest human institution—this big Irish priest with the most musical of brogues, his loving humor and his successful conduct of establishments that are sustained somewhat as was Elijah by the ravens—such is his faith in God and man.

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"It Can't be Did"

SOME real estate people propose to rehabilitate the blighted central region in St. Louis and restore it as a residence district. To that end the city is expected to build parks and plazas in the district in order to make the property desirable. The plan will hardly work. Parks and plazas will increase land values and therefore rents, and increased rents will not attract residents. If it were legal, I could rehabilitate and restore central St. Louis as a residential section by one act. I would abolish all taxes on buildings therein and put all the taxes on the land value. Then we should have the shacks torn down and many new buildings erected. If the unearned land value were taxed out of central St. Louis and there were no taxes on buildings or machinery or goods, we should have more factories, more business houses, more tenants, more workers drawing weekly pay envelopes. Central St. Louis has been blighted by holding out for the unearned increment. Landlords claim that they are overtaxed on property there. Try to buy some and discover the difference between the taxed value and the price at which the land is held. Meanwhile, land speculation in the outlying districts draws population away from the center of the city. If we are to wait on the landlords to restore central St. Louis, we shall wait in vain. And why should all St. Louis spend money further to increase land values for central St. Louis landlords? All there is to say about this proposed restoration is that "it can't be did" by the method suggested.

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Votes for Women

THE only really inspiring episode of the Chicago convention week was the parade of the women suffragists. No one who saw it was unimpressed by the women trudging cheerily through a drenching downpour. The demonstration of intensity of purpose was not the less powerful because of the jollity of the paraders. There was no touch of the fantastic about it. No fanaticism was on exhibition. The women simply paraded for a proof that they wanted the vote, and were glad of an opportunity to show they would endure discomfort for the cause. Somehow, marching in sippy shoes, with melted hats, with soaked skirts, or under umbrellas difficult to uphold against the wayward winds, was more in the nature of a demonstration to obtain their desire than would have been performances more closely approximating more picturesque martyrdom. When the spectator reflected that there were already over 4,000,000 women voting in the United States, and that, too, without imperiling the home or the nation, it seemed a bit absurd that the women marching in the rain should have to make such a demonstration in favor of their right to vote. As I saw the parade I could not help thinking that the most un-American thing in the United States is the sentiment or prejudice which keeps the ballot from women. I wondered if anything more undemocratic could be found

The Children's Festival

By Rex Lampman

YESTERDAY afternoon—up at Multnomah Field—I saw the children—thousands of them—in the drills and calisthenics of their May festival.

¶And I saw the proud parents—and the grandmas—and grandpas—and the big sisters—and all the others—who had come to see the children drill.

¶And when the youngsters came—marching in solid ranks—the applause swept around the field.

—like the roar of summer rain.

¶And then the children moved all together.

—like a field of flowers in the wind.

—backward and forward—and left and right.

—in such time and rhythm—that it seemed they made the music—instead of the band.

¶And as I watched them—I saw the wonder—and the beauty—of doing things together.

—for the common good of all.

¶Because—on the field—no child crowded.

—or tried to get more ground—on which to stand—than any other child.

—because each had its place in the sun—or the rain.

—and no child had an advantage over any other child.

¶Each was intent on doing its part.

—and each wished to do its part well.

¶And so the whole great field—filled with children—became a place of harmony.

¶And then—I thought—as I saw the children march—in solid ranks—obeying their leaders—

—how other children—just eight or ten years older than these—

—have marched in solid ranks—obeying their leaders—against the machine guns.

¶And I saw how they might fall—when the scythe of bullets struck them—in long rows—together.

¶And a man at my side—his face beaming—spoke to me.

¶“You see the perfect order there—how smoothly they all move—how each child knows its place?”

¶I nodded.

¶“That’s preparedness”—he said.

¶And I thought of the long rows—that might fall together—like flowers behind a scythe.

¶And the red hair-ribbons—that all the girls wore—seemed to swim together.

—until the field was red.

¶“Yes”—I said—“that’s preparedness.”

¶And the children wove themselves into patterns.—shifting—changing—flashing—into new patterns—with surprising loveliness.

¶And I saw how almost any pattern was possible.—and how—when these boys and girls left Multnomah Field—and out into the world—

—any pattern might be possible.

—how they might change things—toward greater beauty.

¶And sometimes—in the drills—the children all stooped together.

—and then rose up—together.

¶And it seemed to me—that they bore the weight of all our governments—and courts—and skyscrapers—and railroads—and churches—and prisons—on their young shoulders.

¶Or that they soon would bear them.

as soon as we—who are no longer children—step out from under.

¶And I saw what the children could do—if they wanted to.

¶And I thought that the weight might be more equally distributed.

¶And then the festival was over.

¶And going out—I heard one man say to another.

¶“I had two kids in it—and—

¶“LISTEN—Bill—It costs me two dollars for hair-

ribbons—and white stockings—and things like that.

¶“Things cost like hell these days—don’t they?”

¶“They sure do”—said the other man.

From the Oregon Journal’s “Once Over” column.

♦♦♦♦

Mary Tompkins

By Margretta Scott

MARY TOMPKINS was a serious, fat little girl of twelve, with very round wide-open black eyes and red cheeks. Every morning she washed and dressed all four little Tompkinses and sent them to school, while she stayed at home for the day.

Her mother was a fretful invalid, who lay on a not too clean bed and watched Mary getting the family off. When that large and exhausting task was accomplished Mrs. Tompkins would say, “Mary, I’m so uncomfortable. Won’t you wash my face and brush my hair?”

And Mary would bring a basin of water, a piece of soap and a wash-rag and proceed to wash her mother’s yellow face, her neck and hands. Then she would undo the two thick braids of black hair and start brushing in long, steady strokes.

Mrs. Tompkins would close her eyes and sigh with the physical comfort of it. Nature had played one of her impish tricks when she assigned Mrs. Tompkins to be the wife of a poor man and the mother of five children. But the trick wasn’t on Mrs. Tompkins, whose house and family had been looked after by the neighbors until Mary was old enough to take charge. And the trick wasn’t on Mr. Tompkins, a taciturn, indifferent man, who was gone all day and when he came home in the evening always found his supper waiting for him, his paper to read and his pipe to smoke. But, for the last four years, the trick had been played on Mary, and, strange to say, Mary didn’t mind.

She was one of those children who have a natural taste for being grown up. The more responsibility she had, the more she could look after people—especially grown people—the more important she felt, and the happier she was. To Mary it was a game in which she was always playing mamma and looking after her children, and, when some of the children happened to be her own parents, the more interesting and the more amusing the game.

One day, in a very quiet and unobtrusive way, Mrs. Tompkins died. When the children came home from school they found her lying on the bed with her eyes closed and a rather relieved look on her face. They thought she was asleep, and after each procuring a very hard and a very small apple from Mary, ran over to their neighbor’s yard to play.

It was Mary, who, darning socks by the window, became aware of a silence in the room that was almost like noise—a thundering silence. And this silence seemed to come from the still figure on the bed.

Mary got up and put her hand on her mother’s forehead—it was icy cold. That coldness ran through the girl’s arm to her body, and she shivered. She shook her mother’s shoulder and called to her, but the closed eyes didn’t open. She put her cheek to her mother’s hair and because the feel of it was familiar, she felt comforted.

Mary heard the door-knob turn and, looking up, saw her father. She beckoned to him with her finger on her lips. She watched him tip-toe across the room and saw him look down at his wife with a curious expression on his face; then he stooped down and laid his hand on her heart. “She’s dead,” he said.

After that, strange things happened. A black wagon drove up the street and stopped before the house. Two men got down from the front seat, carrying small satchels in their hands, came into the room where Mrs. Tompkins lay, and locked the door.

The children, with Mary to look after them, crowded close to each other in the kitchen. They felt a little frightened and awed, and very important.

in a democracy than the exclusion of one-half the population from the franchise, and more especially as the excluded half of the population is of such a quality of intelligence as is found in American womanhood. Here in an individualist nation is the ballot monopolized by a class. Here are individuals discriminated against because of their being of a sex as necessary to the State as the persons to whom the vote is given. Nowhere is woman more individualized, more of a person as such, than in the United States and yet, so far as concerns a share in the shaping of laws and government, she is relegated to nonentity. The exclusion of woman from the franchise is the one conspicuous failure of our government of the people, by the people, for the people, after the other iniquity of depriving the laborer of the full value of his labor. The cause of woman suffrage is the cause of enlarged democracy. It is a movement for widening the scope of human freedom coincident with the development of individual responsibility. The drenched, parading women in Chicago were anything but absurd as they passed along Michigan avenue. On the contrary, they were glorified, for their march called for one of those small sacrifices which are so much more difficult to make than many of the larger ones. There never yet was a philosopher who could endure the toothache patiently, though he might nobly drink the hemlock or go to the block with high dignity, and so, for the women to march somewhat bedraggled in the rain was really a facing something in a way more bitter than the jail and forcible feeding while on a hunger-strike. The parade was a fine performance. That its effect was not for good we cannot believe. The “standing parade” in this city, to impress the Democratic convention in favor of woman suffrage, was prettier in the ordinary sense of the word, but not in the essential thing, the burning enthusiasm for an ideal. Of course, the women who stood along the streets here from the plaza to the convention hall, would have so stood if it had rained as it did in Chicago, and probably most of them regretted that they were not called upon to make such a sacrifice of comfort and appearance as their sisters in Chicago made. In both demonstrations the striking thing, after the passion of the demonstrators, was the absence of any class divisions among them. Working women, literary women, society women stood or marched side by side, and in Chicago I saw a negro woman marching alongside the white leader of a white battalion. The fight against woman suffrage is hopeless, and for this reason: woman suffrage menaces nothing that should endure; woman suffrage is on the side mainly of those things which all of us, in our hearts, believe should prevail; woman suffrage is a promise of support for the ultimate fairness and decency of things in government and in society. So long as women are deprived of the vote, civilization will fly woundily and crookedly like a bird with only one wing. It is inconceivable that the tabu against woman at the polls should continue much longer in this country. Woman’s intelligence is so useful in our public affairs, even when and where it finds no expression in the ballot, that it is nothing less than political, social and economic idiocy for men to keep her longer classed with idiots. Woman suffrage will bring into practical use in the solution of the country’s problems a form of intelligence, a quality of intuition and sympathy now sadly lacking. It will free both women and men of many prejudices and inherited superstitions, and freedom is the cure for all the evils under which we suffer.

Their eyes never left the door where the two strange men had gone. After a long while the two men came out, and the children from the window saw them get into the black wagon and drive away.

The next afternoon a great many people came. All the men patted the children's heads, and all the women cried over them and called them, "Poor little motherless things." The children cried, too, and felt both flattered and sorry for themselves.

Then they all assembled in the parlor, where Mrs. Tompkins lay in a long, black box without any cover. The children were told to go up and kiss their mother. Mary took each one in turn by the hand, and they walked up to the black box and put their warm mouths to the coldly smiling lips of Mrs. Tompkins.

The younger Tompkinses howled dismally while a man read prayers and spoke often of the dear deceased. But their tears were dried when, for the first time in their uneventful lives, they rode in carriages, sitting opposite each other on upholstered seats and being carried along by fat, brown horses.

Even Mary felt excited at the novelty of the ride, and, with her serious little face pressed against the carriage window, watched houses and trees and telegraph poles go sedately by.

The carriage stopped at what Mary thought was a park, with white, square blocks springing up from the earth among the trees. The long, narrow box was lowered into a hole in the ground, and the hole was filled up with spadefuls of earth.

Then the people turned away, murmuring among themselves, "poor man," and "motherless children," while they glanced furtively at Mr. Tompkins and his family, who were entering the first two carriages.

But the poor man bore up nobly. He ate quite as much as formerly, read the papers as thoroughly, and smoked his pipe with his accustomed pleasure. The younger children missed the figure on the bed for a day or so, and then promptly forgot. Mary didn't forget. She thought of the long, black hair and missed braiding it into two thick plaits; she thought of the fretful voice and found herself waiting to hear it, demanding peevishly to be made comfortable.

After Mrs. Tompkins' death the neighbors consulted together about the affairs of the family and finally decided that they ought to persuade Mary's father to send her to school.

Mr. Tompkins gave a laconical assent—it was something that didn't much interest him—and Mary started getting educated the following week. She had to go into a class with little children, and her size and age were humiliations that caused her many secret tears.

Schooling had no significance for her. It only meant that girls her own age made fun of her, and that she had to get up earlier in the morning to cook breakfast and to get the children and herself ready for long hours on hard benches, watching the sunshine, or the rain, through smeared, tall windows, and wishing to be out of doors.

But the greatest punishment was that there was nobody to look after. Instead of looking after other people, she herself was looked after. The teacher told her how to sit and how to stand, and, one day, even went so far as to retie a ribbon on her hair.

When Mary got home she tried to forget the shame of it by sweeping the house and washing the furniture; also her brothers and sisters, who objected strenuously to this ceremony being performed at such an unusual hour.

Mary always knew her lessons, not because she was ambitious and eager for learning, but because she knew that the more rapidly she advanced the sooner the agony of school would be over.

This agony lasted for five years; then the neighbors decided that Mary, at the age of seventeen, had enough of learning, and forthwith told Mr. Tompkins, who assented readily.

The next morning he told Mary that she didn't have to go to school any more. In her pleasure and relief she impulsively kissed her father, who got very

red and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. He was rather fond of Mary, too. She was so big and strong and pretty that he liked to look at her, and was quite proud of her, but, as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, he thought it upsetting to be kissed for no especial reason that he could see.

Mr. Tompkins was not the only man who liked to look at Mary. She had several sighing swains, but she thought very little of them. She considered their love-making silly, and gave much more of her time to keeping house and looking after her family, and now there was something else on her mind—the recent behavior of the head of the family.

One evening after supper Mr. Tompkins had done a very unexpected thing. Instead of reading his paper and smoking his pipe, he had gone upstairs to his room and, after staying there for an hour by the clock, came down looking very shiny and very red about the ears. He wore his Sunday suit, a bright green tie, and patent leather shoes. He walked quickly through the parlor, running the gamut of his children's astonished eyes, out into the hall, opened the front door, and vanished into the night.

The younger Tompkinses spent the remainder of the evening wondering, but Mary, with a quick sinking of her heart, felt that she knew. Had not young men come to see her with all the outward symptoms displayed by Mr. Tompkins?

In less than a month Mr. Tompkins brought home his bride. To avoid fuss he had taken a day off from his work to clope, and that evening he presented to his family the second Mrs. Tompkins.

She was middle-aged, healthy and jolly. After kissing all the children, she told Mary not to bother about supper, and to go sit down and rest, that she had had entirely too much work for so young a girl and now she must start having some fun.

Mary knew that her reign was over and, to make it worse, everybody was pleased. Mrs. Tompkins mothered the children to her heart's content and made quite a new man of her husband. He ceased being taciturn and a week after his marriage was known to suggest that the whole family go to a picture show.

Mary felt as though she had no place in the world. She had just learned one thing—how to look after people, and now there was nobody to look after. She tried collecting stray cats and dogs and taking care of them, but they were not satisfactory after human beings.

Her step-mother waited on her, and planned dresses for her, and suggested new ways to fix her hair. She insisted on her going to neighborhood parties, too. Mary didn't dance or play cards, and, what was even more important, she couldn't giggle over what the young men said to her. She always felt out of it and would sit dumbly in the corner with her eyes on the clock, waiting for the time to go home.

These were horrible days to Mary. If she wasn't miserable, she was bored—and then she met Mr. Sprinkel. It was at a hated party. When her eyes first rested on him they brightened visibly. He was underfed and uncared for; his cuffs were frayed at the edges, and he had holes in his handkerchief. They attracted each other immediately. Mr. Sprinkel looked furtively at Mary, and Mary at Mr. Sprinkel. After they were introduced they gazed unceasingly into each others eyes, and nobody else existed.

He brought her home, and, before he left, she gave him some of her own raspberry syrup, which she had made before the advent of her step-mother.

The next morning Mary awoke singing. Right after breakfast she went to town and purchased a half-dozen men's handkerchiefs. She spent the rest of the day embroidering on them the letter "S," and, when asked by an inquisitive family what she meant by using that initial when her father's name was Tompkins, she became red and wouldn't answer, but took her sewing to her room and locked the door.

Mr. Sprinkel, with his white face and mild, blue eyes became a frequent visitor at the Tompkins'.

It was an understood fact that Mary should have the parlor every Wednesday and Saturday evening for her company.

Mrs. Tompkins and her step-daughter became suddenly congenial. Now, Mary listened gratefully to suggestions for arrangement of her hair and entered heartily into plans for new dresses.

Mr. Sprinkel courted with a gentle ardor. He wrote Mary poetry, which she prized jealously but did not understand, and, on summer evenings, sitting on a bench out of earshot of the house, he poured forth his soul to her on his flute. She would listen happily, and wonder if he had gained, and think how much his suit needed pressing.

Even to the dullest it was evident that Mary and Mr. Sprinkel were in love. One evening Mrs. Tompkins discussed this state of affairs with her husband. Mrs. Tompkins was brushing her hair, and Mr. Tompkins was thinking how lucky he was to have a wife who could do things for herself. He had a mental vision of Mary braiding her mother's long, black hair. Mrs. Tompkins put down the brush and turned to her husband.

"It's funny that Mary should be so gone on that little, white-faced Mr. Sprinkel. He ain't half a man, and she's had some fine looking young fellows wanting to marry her."

Mr. Tompkins grunted in assent. "I don't see much in him myself."

And Mr. Sprinkel, sitting on the doorsteps, with Mary's hand in his, was saying, "Mary, I don't see why you love a man like me. Girls have never even looked at me—and you're so big and strong and pretty."

And Mary answered, "I couldn't love anybody but a man like you," while her eyes rested on the frayed edges of his cuffs.

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Yankee Ambulancing in Alsace

By Preston Lockwood

SECOND ARTICLE.

ON the national French holiday of the Fourteenth of July, I saw General Joffre in never-to-be-forgotten circumstances. Early that morning when I approached a little village in an empty ambulance I was stopped by a sentry and, after being asked if I had wounded aboard, told that General Joffre was making a speech in the town square and that I would have to wait until he had finished before I could get through.

Of course I at once left my ambulance and ran to the square knowing how rarely one ever saw quotation marks after the *Généralissime's* name. I was, however, too late to hear what he had to say, for, laconic as ever, he had finished speaking when I came within earshot. Opposite a gray brick church was a line of eight flag-bedecked automobiles, six for the *Généralissime* and his staff and two for emergencies, which, I am told, is the way he always travels. General Joffre himself, standing on the ground and surrounded by officers ablaze with decorations, was listening to fifty little Alsatian girls singing the "Marseillaise." They were finishing the last verse when I arrived and as the words of the chorus died away, General Joffre, stepping out from among his officers and holding one of the prettiest of the little girls high in his powerful arms, kissed her twice. The next day, driving through this town again, I noticed the following sign:

"LE GENERAL JOFFRE,
GENERALISSIME DES ARMEES DE LA REPUBLIQUE
a déjeuné dans cette maison
Le 15^{ème} Bataillon de Chasseurs Alpins
occupant cette région
Délibérée par lui le 7 Aout 1914."

Alsace has been for forty years Germany territory. For forty years young Alsations have been forced

to learn German in the schools, to serve in the German army, to be links in the civil and military chains which bound them to the Kaiser's empire. A few days ago I took the photograph of an Alsatian girl standing in the doorway of her home, which she said she was going to send through Switzerland to her brother in the Germany army "somewhere in Russia." But French hearts doubtless beat under many a German uniform, and those of us who have lived in Alsace are confident that re-annexation by France will not be a slow or a difficult process. Alsace has been tied to France by something which forty busy years have not found a way to change. The armies of the Republic have been received with an open hand and an open heart. I know of a fine field hospital gotten up and staffed entirely by Alsatian ladies happy to be nursing wounded French soldiers. I know of Alsatian boys, at the outbreak of the war not yet old enough to have commenced their German military training, today volunteer and only volunteer French soldiers.

I have drawn my impressions of Alsace chiefly from five or six little towns in a commercial valley. They are subject to long-range shelling and bombs dropped from aeroplanes. Indeed, my first day in Alsace was spent in the yard of a hospital contrived out of a schoolhouse. Our cars were parked beneath the windows of one of its wings and all day long one heard the pitiful moans of a mother and her two little daughters who had been wounded the night before when the Germans had dropped half a dozen shells into the town where they lived.

But these villages seem to be, on the whole, cheerful, prosperous places. Soldiers resting from the trenches flirt the time away with bilingual Alsatian girls. Horns, claxons and the hum of motors make in the little mountain-smothered streets the noises of Broadway or Piccadilly. The *cafés* and stores are full from morning until eight o'clock, when all lights must be put out.

Nothing is taken by the soldiery without being paid for, a fact that was brought sharply home to me on one occasion. We needed wood for the kitchen fire of a little dressing-station hidden on a tree-covered mountain top. I picked up an axe and started to get some exercise and the wood for the fire at the same time; but the cook excitedly told me that not even in that out of the way place, unless he had the proper military authorization, would he dare cut down a tree because the *commune* must be paid for every twig of it.

* * * * *

But, interesting as these places are, it is beyond them that we do our most useful work. I am writing, as it happens, at a dressing-station between the artillery and the infantry lines where two of our cars are always on duty. The driver of the other car, eight months ago, was in charge of a cattle ranch in the Argentine, and last May, a passenger on the ill-fated *Lusitania*, was rescued after four hours in the water. He is on his back tightening bolts underneath his car and a hole in the left sole of his projecting shoes tells of hours with the low-speed jammed on, for this is the way we have to drive down as well as up hill.

We are at one end of a valley which, opening gradually, runs into the basin of the Rhine. Our two ambulances are backed up against a hay-loft dressing-station among a little group of houses frequently mentioned in the *communiqués*. At this minute the place is as peaceful as any Florida glade; it does not seem possible that war can be so near, so completely hushed. There is little military in the appearance of a few stretcher-bearers, dressed in the discarded clothes of peace, throwing stones into an apple tree; there is not a gun to be seen; there is not a sound to be heard unless you listen to catch the splash of a mountain stream or the tinkle of the bells tied around the necks of the cows grazing high up on a green but ladder-steep mountain-side. Coming down the road towards me is a little, bare-footed boy driving a half dozen cows to where some girls are waiting in a pen to milk them. A little later when my companion and I sit

down to dinner with the young *médecin auxiliaire* in charge of the post, there will be some of this milk on the table.

But long before dinner-time the whole surrounding aspect may change as if by black magic. This spot is under the threat of the shells. Tree-hidden batteries, some only a hundred yards away and some on the tops of neighboring and surrounding mountains, may speak together with their "brutal lungs" until the echoes, rolling and accumulating, make a grand, persistent roar. Even trench-weary soldiers will unconsciously duck their heads and stand ready to run to the bomb-proofs if the answering German shells begin to fall close to us. After dark the wounded will arrive, carried on stretchers, rested on men's shoulders or pushed in wheelbarrows, to the hay-loft where a doctor, working almost entirely without anaesthetics, treats such cases as the doctors in the trench dressing-stations passed without attention.

By this time also, on a night when many wounded are arriving, six or eight more American ambulances will be summoned by telephone. There will be no headlights used; only a great swinging of lanterns and much shouting back and forth in French and English. Although the firing after dark will not be so general, two or three batteries will continue to break out sharply every few minutes. One of our squad-leaders will be on hand as driver in charge of the situation. "Are you ready to roll?" he will call to somebody as the doctor comes up and speaks to him. A dark figure standing by a car will lean over and spin a crank, an engine will sputter and pour forth smoke, for we must use a double supply of oil on these grades. Then an ambulance will back up to the door of the barn and the driver, leaving his engine throttled down, will help in lifting the stretchers.

To go from this place to the sorting-point behind the lines to which the wounded are taken is the worst run we have. The Germans have not yet hit the road; but they fire over it constantly. You always wonder, too, if your car will make the grades, if you acted properly in letting yourself be persuaded to take three wounded instead of the specified two. And it means also coming upon comrades *en panne* and lending a hand or hurrying on with the distress signal—stopping to pour water into your boiling radiator—halting to pass convoys—arguments, decisions, *noms de dieux*—backing to a wider place—wheels that nearly go over the edge—pot-bellied munition-wagons that scrape off your side-boxes—getting into a ditch and having to be pulled out by mules or pushed out by men.

It is a journey fraught with worry. There is always the danger of delay when delay may mean death and is sure to mean suffering for the wounded in your car. And sometimes when, with bad cases aboard, you are stuck and can't get out until somebody turns up to help you, it is unbearable to stay near your car and hear their pitiful groans.

But, the down part of the journey is full of more acute dangers. You are at the mercy of your brakes. If they fail you, there is only the bank. A quick turn of the steering-wheel and you are all right; that is, there will be only a cruel shaking-up for the men you are carrying and a broken radius rod or perhaps a smashed radiator. And this is clearly better than going over the bank and preferable to running amuck through a train of mules with their deadly loads of explosives.

Only during the last two months have we been able to use the first ten kilometers of this road at all. Even now for the climbing part of the journey we take none but the more seriously wounded, leaving the rest to be carried in light wagons pulled by mules, until they get to some mountain-top relay-point where our cars are stationed. Most of these relay-points are very close to one or several French batteries. Some of them are established in the midst of thriving cantonments buried in the woods and within sight of the German trenches on a sister mountain-top. Others, further removed from the enemy lines and higher above the level of destruction, are on summits suitable only for the biggest

of the French guns and reached in turn only by the very long-range German guns.

Such a place is a mountain-top at which we feel almost as much at home as at our base, for several of our cars are always on duty at this place, each man serving for a week at a time, and one man being relieved every day. It is one of those plateau-shaped eminences which are mentioned in geographies as distinguishing the Vosges from the Alps and the Pyrénées. It is treeless through exposure to the wind and its brow slopes gradually towards the French side, with a succession of cup-like hollows tenanted by brush-covered bomb-proofs and dug-outs and horse-sheds. Other than topographical concealments are also employed; gray horses are dyed brown and groups of road-builders when in some particularly exposed place carry, like the army that went against *Macbeth*, umbrellas of branches.

We are housed here in a long, low shack built against the side of the crest. Violent storms sometimes take the roof off this shack with the consequent drenching of the surgeon in charge, ourselves, a half-dozen stretcher-bearers and as many mule drivers. Bunks are built crosswise against the side of the walls and over some of these bunks the words "*Pour Intransportables*" are written. The rest, however, are occupied by people on duty here, for it is merely a relay-point and the wounded, unless unable to stand a further journey or arriving by mules in numbers greater than we can handle, are merely changed from one mode of conveyance to another and given such attention in passing as they may need.

When one of the beds for *intransportables* is occupied it generally means that the man dies in a few days and is buried close by, a corporal of stretcher-bearers, who was before the war a Roman Catholic missionary in Ceylon, borrowing from one of us a camera to take for the dead man's family a photograph of the isolated grave marked with one of those simple wooden crosses from which no mile of northern France is free. Deaths of this sort are peculiarly sad. Anybody who has nursed in the wards of a military hospital will tell you how soldiers, seasoned in trenches that high explosives and mines and hand grenades have turned into shambles, will grow gloomy when one man in their ward dies. It is the same way with these single deaths and lonely funerals at the front.

* * * * *

These mountain-tops are often for weeks on end bathed in a heavy mist varied by rain storms. At such times when there is no work to do—and very frequently there are no wounded to carry for twenty-four hours or more—the surgeon, ourselves, the *brancardiers* and the mule drivers, close in around the stove. One of these *brancardiers*, or stretcher-carriers, was transferred after being wounded at the battle of the Marne from the front line troops to the *Service Sanitaire* and before the war he had served five years in the Foreign Legion in Africa. His stories of this period are endless and interesting, and, after listening to them for a week, we all go back to our base calling soldiers nothing but "*poilus*," coffee "*jus*," wine "*pinard*," canned beef "*singe*," army organization "*système de*." There is also a good deal of reading done by many of the Section on the rainy days of no work. It is part of the daily relieving man's unofficial but well understood duties to bring along any magazines and newspapers that he can get hold of and generally, too, books gradually accumulate and grow to be considered as a sort of library that must not be taken away. Indeed, at one *poste de secours* our library consists at present of two or three French novels and plays. "*The Newcomes*," a two-volume "*Life of Ruskin*," "*Tess of the d'Urbervilles*" and "*Les Misérables*."

* * * * *

When a group of men are on duty at an isolated *poste de secours* like this, they take turns in carrying the wounded who may arrive, the man who has made the last trip going to the bottom of the list. And there is something comfortable about feeling that you are the last to "roll" on a stormy night when every plank in the little hut rattles and groans,

when the wind shrieks in the desolate outside, when the sinister glare of the trench rockets gleams through the heavy blackness like a flash of lightning and the wet mule-drivers who borrow a little of your fire shake their heads and, pointing towards the road, say, "*un mauvais chemin*." And then, as you settle a little deeper in your blankets and blow out your lantern and assure yourself for the last time as to where your matches are and how much gasoline you have in your tank, you are pretty apt to think before you go to sleep of the men a little way off in the rain-soaked trenches.

They are certainly not very far away. Only over there on the next ridge where the shells are exploding. They have been there you know without relief for ten days. You remember when they marched up the mountain to take their turn. How cheery and soldier-like they were! Not one of them like you is sleeping in blankets. They won't, like you, go back to-morrow to a pleasant dinner, with pleasant friends, in a pleasant hotel and out of sound, too, of those awful guns. Some will come back and you will carry them in your ambulance. And some will never come back at all. Well . . .

"Did I leave that spark-plug wrench under the car? God knows I can never find it on a night like this and I change a plug every trip!"

"Wake up! Don't talk in your sleep!"

"What, is it my turn to roll? Wounded?"

"No; Stephe is *en panne* half way down the mountain."

And you begin to take things in with one of the Section's *sous-chefs* leaning over your cot with the news that the first man on the list has gotten a load of wounded and met with an accident. The others are waked up, too. Some are left to take care of such other wounded as may arrive and the rest form a rescue party. Two ride in the rescue ambulance; two more probably walk. The wounded are moved from the broken down car to the other ambulance and then daylight probably finds three or four of us rain-drenched and mud-smeared, changing a brake band or digging into a carburetor.

The arrival of the relieving car at one of those posts on a rainy day when everyone of us is to be found within twenty feet of the stove, means a demand in chorus for mail and after that, for news, that is, Section gossip from headquarters and especially who has had to wash cars and who has broken down *en route*.

"Number 52 runs like a breeze now. I drove it yesterday and it climbed the *col* on high with two wounded," the newcomer will say producing some contribution to the mess.

"And last night, there was a call for three cars at midnight. Didn't any of the wounded come this way? So and so had magneto trouble bringing back his first load.—He said Henry Ford himself could not have started the boat. So the repair car went out at four o'clock this morning."

"That boy certainly plays in hard luck. Do you remember the time he had two blow-outs and four punctures in twenty-four hours and then had all his brake-bands "go" at once. It was two miles that he ran to get another car to take his wounded. He looked low when he came in about breakfast time," somebody else will put in.

"I tell you he *will* use too much oil. It goes through these old cars like a dose of salts," a third will add.

On bad days the discussion will go on this way until time for the next meal. But on clear days during summer and early autumn weather, we have stayed indoors very little. The air is champagne-like and the view on all sides magnificent. It is possible, also, from a number of these eminences, to follow in a fascinating fashion the progress of artillery duels, and, with a good pair of glasses, even to see infantry advancing to the attack. When the cannonading is heavy the whole horizon pops and rumbles and from the sea of green mountains spread out before you rise puffs of shrapnel smoke, flaky little clouds about the size of a man's hand

and pale against the tree-tops, as one thinks of death as pale. They hover, sometimes too many at a time to count, above the mountains and then sink down again into the general greenness. The sky, too, is generally dotted with these same little flaky clouds when aeroplanes are abroad, which is every fair day. But they are seldom or never hit and brought down, although the anti-aircraft guns, especially when hedging them in with "barrier fire," seem to limit their activities.

Soldiers, as I have said, march by these posts on their way to and from the trenches. Whenever they are allowed to break ranks near our cars they crowd around us with little bottles in their hands asking for gasoline to put in cigarette lighters which they make out of German bullets. Most of these men belong to battalions of *Chasseurs Alpins* and I do not suppose there are any finer soldiers in the world than those stocky, merry-eyed men from the mountain provinces of France, with their picturesque caps and their dark blue coats set off by their horizon-blue trousers. They are called indeed the "blue devils" and when the formula-like *communiqués* say, "After a heavy shelling of some of the enemy heights in the Vosges our infantry advanced to the attack and succeeded in taking so many of the enemy trenches," it is probably the *Chasseurs Alpins* who have led the way in the face of the hand-grenades and machine-gun fire and the streams of burning oil that, in this country especially, make the "meaning of a mile" so terrible.

One of our Section who was compelled to return to America the other day took with him as his single keepsake a crumpled photograph with a signature scrawled in one corner. It was of a *Sous-Officier* of a famous battalion of *Chasseurs Alpins*. His heavy pack was jauntily thrown over his shoulders; his *berret* was rakishly tilted to one side; and on his breast gleamed the green and red ribbon of the *Croix de Guerre*, the crimson of the *Légion d'Honneur* and the yellow of the *Médaille Militaire*. You could find—at least for us—no better symbol of the laughing gallantry, the sturdy strength, and the indomitable courage of France.

♦♦♦♦♦

Of Poetic Finality

By John L. Hervey

AMONG the signs and wonders attendant upon what is currently and habitually referred to as our poetical renaissance, the amount of poetry being written and printed is only more observable than the amount of discussion thereof not alone "in the air" but likewise getting itself into type. In the connection I have to acknowledge that some contributions to this discussion have appeared over my own name. These occasional appearances in the *MIRROR* and other journals have, however, been in no sense criticisms, for I do not pose as a critic and have no wish so to be regarded. I am merely a reader and a lover of poetry and one insatiably interested in all aspects of life and all forms of art and of action.

Let me repeat it—that I am not a critic. I am at best but an engrossed observer and desultory commentator, professing adherence to no schools, creeds or systems. Such things I conceive to be subversive of both spiritual and literary freedom. If I love poetry, it is simply because it is poetry, and when I find a genuine poem, or what so appears to me, I care not whether it was composed thousands of years ago in a now-dead language, or whether the ink upon the author's manuscript is not yet dry; whether it be typical of the most severely classical forms or the antipodes thereof. If it be poetry, that is enough—it is to me a thing of magic and marvel, a source of inexhaustible illumination and of enduring joy.

Criticism has, I suppose, its legitimate, possibly its indispensable, function, but it is one to which I cannot pretend to contribute for two very excellent reasons, namely, that I have neither the ability nor the

desire. And particularly is this true as regards poetry—in which my interest is so strong, to which my devotion is so undissembled, that any "critical" assumptions concerning it would, upon my part, be preposterous. I have tried to write of poetry, however, in a way that would stimulate the interest of the reader in poetry, that end which all writers "about it and about" ought perpetually to keep in view. In some instances I think I may have succeeded because of the consequent contributions to the discussion which I have elicited. Some of their authors have disclosed views very different to mine and not particularly complimentary of me; but the clash of opinions is (or should be) always enlightening and, if taken in good part, may be peculiarly so to those most directly interested.

The desultory writer like myself is, however, as I have found, more apt to be misconstrued than the writer with a "programme" or a "platform" who announces in set terms what he does and does not "stand for." Accordingly it is not strange that I have been accused of a considerable number of offences which, were I guilty of them, might not necessarily cause me sleepless nights or dismal days, but, being not guilty thereof, have afforded me considerable amusement. Only once has my indignation been aroused. That sentiment I have been unable to repress at the repeated accusation of "erudition." During my career (if I may be pardoned the use of so pretentious a term to characterize anything so obscure as my literary activities to date) I have, at times, had some hard things written and printed about me. I have, too, been threatened with personal violence; while on one occasion an irate individual (though, I hasten to say, not one of whose poetical effusions I had written) even menaced me with bloody and gruesome death. None of these things, however, has seemed to me so awful or so undeserved as this reiterated accusation of "erudition." I can think of terrible things of which legitimately I might be accused. I can think of others of which plausibly I might be. But never in my most self-examining takings of myself to task had the idea obtruded itself that I might be arraigned for anything so atrocious. That I have been has, nevertheless—for there is no incident so small as to be wholly devoid of instruction—given me new light concerning current conceptions of "erudition." That my poor dribbles and runnels, my rambling and untutored marginalia, should be mistaken (and even. O ye conscript fathers of Culture, in Boston itself!) for anything which they resemble about as much as a prairie schooner does a dreadnaught, is indeed elucidative. If one so destitute of "erudition" as myself should so repeatedly be accused of it (and not alone in Boston, but in St. Louis also, that center of enlightenment and breeding-ground of *illuminati*) is only, can only be, because erudition itself has ceased utterly to exist, or at least, to manifest itself visibly among us.

In consequence, while the barb still remains imbedded, it has ceased to fester. And I shall continue to worry along with at least a pretense of cheerfulness provided that I can continue successfully to conceal from my personal friends and intimate acquaintance these damning allegations. For even the strongest spirits shrink from becoming complete pariahs—as, in the event of the fateful discovery, I immitigably must.

I will even assume the privilege of spurning, with the lofty innocence of a movie hero unjustly accused of purloining the ancestral spoons, the allegation of "erudition." The ease with which I can furnish an alibi fortifies me impregnably in this position. But am I really and equally innocent of malevolent assaults upon the "New" poetry and its inspired hierophants? Truthfully I cannot contend that I am. Nor do I wish to. On the contrary, I cheerfully admit a condition of red-handedness that I have no intention of trying to wash away.

In the premises, however, may I be allowed to quote a Divine admonition whose applicability must remain eternal? It runs: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

Personally I think no one would ever have "attacked"—if the reader pleases so to phrase it—the "New" poetry if the "New" poetry had not begun by attacking everything else of a poetical nature. At least I know that I never would have. For in many ways I am at bottom heartily in sympathy with the "New" poetry and some of the "New" poems seem to be truly beautiful and poetical. But no one not simply infatuated can contemplate the contentions made in their behalf without protest, when these contentions include miscellaneous and aggressive assaults upon all previous poetry, from Homer down. To be sure, we are told by the amiable nurse-maids in charge of the lusty infants now so joyously mutilating the statues and uprooting the flowers in the Garden of Poesy, that Youth is iconoclastic and that all "New" movements are characterized by attacks upon old ones; that "much may be forgiven to Youth," et cetera, et cetera. But that depends. Particularly it depends upon whether the "Youth" acclaimed is real or factitious. It has been my privilege to see and to hear, as well as to read, quite a few of the most conspicuous leaders and sponsors of the "New" movement—and, without "naming names" I may be allowed to observe that grey heads are plentiful among them; that some of them have been before the public as the authors of Bound Books of Verse for twenty-five years and more. To "put over" the "indulgence permissible to youth" for these "New" poets stretches my complaisance.

In other words, I abhor the factitious—and in nothing do I so abhor it as in poetry. If poetry does not ring true to me, it is no extenuating circumstance that it is a product of "Youth," that it is "New" or that it is "Modern." Poetry is to me something timeless, ageless, and, in its deepest implications without a "local habitation and a name." The "time-spirit" is not its root but one of its exfoliations, perpetually budding and falling, dying and being reborn. Its protean changefulness is something intensely interesting—but after all it is superficial to a very large extent. It helps us to understand the least potent and puissant properties of poetry to always be linking it up with some particular time and place and robs it of its eternal and universal validity. I think it possible for the reader of Shakespeare, for instance, to derive as intense pleasure from "Hamlet" without a knowledge of Elizabethan literary or political history as with it; and one of the reasons why certain of the great classical writers remain shut out forever from the wide appeal of others is because they are so distinctly occupied with their own localities and eras—as, for instance, Aristophanes and Pindar; though, alas, in even so much as mentioning their names I fear that I shall incur renewed reproaches of an offensive parade of "erudition." You cannot possibly appreciate Aristophanes and Pindar at anything like their true worth without exhaustive study of Hellenic history, of the manners and customs of Periclean Athens and of the Olympic, the Isthmian and the Nemean Games. But you can appreciate Euripides, or Sophocles, or Sappho, or Theocritus, solely upon their own account, just as you can Shakespeare.

*"Forever lives the soul, the spark imperial;
Forever dies the flesh, the gross material."*

The soul of poetry has little or nothing to do with the *Zeitgeist*, whereas its flesh is compact thereof; and, while flesh can be very warm and palpitant and seductive, in the end it spells satiety. We may lust for it, we may be unable to exist without it, but it is never more than a garment, a husk.

When the "newness" evaporates from any specifically "new" thing, whose chief claim to our attention inheres in this quality alone, there is usually little left that proves enduring. Such "newness" is always at the mercy of the next newcomer with a still more clamant voice, a more *outré* cut to its jib. And this must emphatically be so of "newness" in large part counterfeit.

I am supposed to be sternly reprobative of *vers libre* and allied *genres*. But as a matter of fact—in which Mr. Reedy will bear me out—several years prior to the historic date of 1912 which the protagonists of the present "New" movement have emblazoned upon their banners as that precedent to which poetry had ceased to exist—the corpse then being raised by their layings-on of hands—I had taken up with him the subject of serializing in the MIRROR an anthology of rhymeless poetry (exclusive of so-called blank verse). It was intended to bring out, in a manner never before attempted, by the quotation of a large number of notable examples, the extraordinary capacities of such forms for the expression of poetical conceptions. Mr. Reedy took kindly to the idea, but, unfortunately, I was prevented from carrying out my part of the plan and it "died a-bornin'." I have not yet abandoned it entirely, for in my mind's eye I can see it as an interesting and instructive organic whole. But were I now to bring it off, it would, after all, appear as nothing but an echo of something to which really it was antecedent.

I have always been more or less of a rebel against all sorts of "authority," particularly poetical. I look back to a memorable day when I shocked a roomful of perfectly respectable people (being then of a somewhat tender age) by proclaiming my admiration for "Don Juan"—and by refusing to take it back; which caused me to be regarded as an example of unblushing juvenile depravity. I recall my love for and exultation in Walt Whitman when, by almost all except extreme radicals, he was under the ban—and that is not really so very long ago, either. I recall many similar things—and that is why I cannot help but smile when I read references to my "pontificality" or "pomposity," my being "steeped in classical tradition." It was my great good fortune, however, to be the son of both a father and a mother with an instinctive love for good literature and an equally instinctive detestation of trash, particularly of pretentious trash, of skim-milk masquerading as cream. They never set any metes or bounds to my reading except that if they ever caught me reading anything they thought trashy it immediately was confiscated. As I now review it, I think they perhaps allowed me more latitude than was entirely wise; for along with a good deal of honey I sucked some poison prematurely out of certain books to which I too early came. But in the long run probably things equalized themselves.

The great trouble with rebellion and revolt, in the literary and artistic sense, is that in the end they seem so fatally to degenerate into things existing for themselves alone; that the revolutionists tend to colonize or segregate in cults and mutual admiration societies, which become nothing more nor less than "combines" for log-rolling purposes, for the exploitation of their own "output" and, concomitantly, for the condemnation of the outputs of outsiders. You must pass through the eye of the needle or you cannot enter the kingdom.

The best article on poetry that I have read for some time appeared recently in the New York Times, it being the record of a talk by one of that journal's representatives with Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson—and may I say that while Mr. Robinson has just lately been honored by some adulation in "New" circles, which, apparently, would like to identify him with themselves, although he antedates that immortal epoch of 1912 by a good while, he is a poet for whom I have cherished a very warm admiration since first he began to publish? Incidentally, also, I do not mind saying that as a hostage for poetic immortality I would prefer the authorship of any one of a considerable number of poems he has written to that of the entire *Imagiste* output to date. But to return to the article referred to—I wish all readers of poetry or poetical discussion might peruse it, so sensible is it, so thoughtful, so ponderable.

While the "New" movement may be anxious to claim Mr. Robinson for its own, very obviously

he is courting no such favors. It is significant to find him saying:

"Many causes prevent poetry from being appraised correctly in its own time. Any poetry that is marked by violence, that is conspicuous in color, that is sensationally odd, makes an immediate appeal. On the other hand, poetry that is not noticeably eccentric sometimes fails for years to attract any attention. . . . I think this applies particularly to our own time. More than ever before oddity and violence are bringing into prominence poets who have little besides these two qualities to offer the world, and some who have much more."

The great touchstone of poetic excellence, Mr. Robinson found to be the impression of finality which it conveys. He is quoted as follows:

"I think it is safe to say that all real poetry is going at some time or other to give a suggestion of finality. In real poetry you find that a thing has been said, and yet you find also about it a sort of nimbus of what can't be said. . . . This nimbus may be there—I wouldn't say that it isn't there—and yet I can't find it in much of the self-conscious experimenting that is going on nowadays in the name of poetry. . . . I can't get over the impression that these post-impressionists in painting and most of the *vers libristes* in poetry are trying to find some short cut to artistic success. I know that many of the new writers insist that it is harder to write good *vers libre* than to write good rhymed poetry. And, judging by some of their results, I am inclined to agree with them."

In closing, Mr. Robinson expressed these opinions:

"The solution of the thing seems to me to be related to what I said about the quality of finality that seems to exist in all real poetry. Finality seems always to have had a way of not obtruding itself to any great extent."

I may say, truthfully, that, by and large, "them air my sentiments tew." They seem also to be those of an eminent literary light, who, even more prominently than Mr. Robinson, is being acclaimed by the "New" movement as one of its torch-bearers—I refer to Mr. John Cowper Powys. In the same publication that printed Mr. Robinson's remarks, and at about the same time, Mr. Powys discoursed upon the Shakespearean ter-centenary and attempted to define the reasons for Shakespeare's poetical pre-eminence. Listen to him a moment:

"Finality! In this word, perhaps, you have the very secret and ultimate quality of the highest art. To communicate to us by the purging potency of tragic emotion—it is the artist's own definition—that sense of repose, of rest, of profound quietness which has the quality of energy and yet remains in such absolute equilibrium that it liberates and relaxes instead of stimulating and arousing; this, and nothing less, is what art at its highest is able to achieve."

There is, you see, a substantial, almost a surprising, agreement between the two *dicta*. Mr. Robinson and Mr. Powys, to all intents and purposes, are at one in their supreme test of poetry. It is the impression of finality which each has sought, in his own manner, to define—Mr. Robinson doing so like a poet and Mr. Powys rather more like a critic. And that is why, cherishing as I do very similar beliefs, I distrust the so-vociferous "newness" of the "New" poetry. When, for instance, The Bard tells us that "The quality of mercy is not strained, It falleth like the gentle dew from Heaven," I get an impression of unobtrusive finality, of reposeful equilibrium, that I do not get from the *Imagiste* who tells us that the sunlight "waggles deliciously on the ceiling." I also get it even from a hackneyed American poem in which we read that our hearts, like muffled drums, are beating funeral marches to the grave, just as I do not from the "New" poem in which imagistic thoughts roll around and clink against the poet's ribs like silver hailstones. The "modern instance," I grant, is of unique interest among pathological phenomena—but I miss the quality of poetic finality. I fear, I very gravely fear, that, like certain flamboyant dyes for which we are indebted to *Kultur*, of a startlingness far exceeding the primitive products of Sarouk, Mahal or Kermanshah, much of this "New" gorgeousness will come out in the wash. And, for myself, I prefer fast colors.

Patience Worth

A Card from Prof. Hyslop

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE FOR
SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

SECTION B

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL

RESEARCH

NEW YORK

519 West 149th Street

June 9th, 1916.

Mr. William Marion Reedy, Editor,
Reedy's Mirror, St. Louis, Mo.

My dear Sir:—

A friend has sent me the article from the issue of the MIRROR for June 2, 1916, in which your criticism of my discussion in the *American Journal for Psychical Research* was printed. I think it will be only fair for me to say something to your readers which I may not have said in the article which I printed reviewing "Patience Worth."

I knew quite well I should be misunderstood by a great many people in what I had to say of it, but everyone would entirely mistake my motives if he thought I had any desire to criticize the book. The fact is, I wish very much to defend the super-normal character of the phenomena, as I have come across so many cases which I was able to investigate properly, that I would have been justified in classifying Patience Worth with them. But there was no disposition on the part of the author and the publishers to reveal the full facts which would give the book a scientific interest, either for subconscious fabrication or for spiritistic interpretations. As this Society stands for the collection of evidence for either side of such a question, I could not escape the duty to treat the book from the scientific point of view. I have a good deal of evidence on hand to sustain my position, but did not care to print it at the time.

My own personal beliefs or desires in such a case must not figure in any review or criticism of a book of that kind. I must stand firmly by the evidential question and estimate such books not by what I know of other cases with which it may be classified, but by its own internal contents. I deemed it very unfortunate that I was forced into a position to review it in the manner in which I did. I would have gladly spoken a defensive word for it, and I offered the opportunity for the kind of experiment that would have settled the case, before the book was published, but it was refused and I was forced to accept the judgment of all leading psychologists and properly informed students in regard to the first questions to be solved in a case of that kind.

There would have been no danger whatever in Mrs. Curran's being hypnotized by Dr. Morton Prince. It is silly for anyone to look at it in that light. I do not think it is at all necessary to apply hypnosis to such cases, and I would not have done it unless I felt that it was easy and would solve the problem. I had an entirely distinct method which would have settled question of subconscious production.

As to telepathy: I do not think there is any fact in existence anywhere to support the kind of telepathy that the credulous public believes, in such matters. I have worked for twenty-five

years to find that evidence and have not been able to find a single case of it. Now, as I am accused of being "comprehensively credulous" in believing the spiritistic theory; I can only say that my understanding of "credulity" is that it signifies belief without evidence. And, as there has been absolutely no evidence in that volume for subconscious fabrication, I should imagine that a belief in such a source would be just as comprehensive credulity as any spiritistic interpretation.

What I desire to see in all such cases is that people put all their cards on the table. The scientific man can learn something then. I know scientific men who refused absolutely to have anything to do with it because there was no proper effort made to get at the facts. The publisher and those from whom the facts were obtained did not desire either to run down the subconscious theory scientifically, or to find out the facts which might make it spiritistic. They kept away from the public everything that would solve the problem and sim-

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ply desired to mystify the reader by supposing the ouija board has some mystery about it. It was impossible for me to avoid scientific method in the criticism of such a procedure.

I do not care particularly about the philological question. I would be no judge of that. I have the testimony of two philologists in regard to it, which take out of it most of the mystery which the publisher is willing to inculcate. Nothing is said in the book on points which you mention in your article. I happen to know, from independent evidence, that much which you say is true, and if that matter had been properly threshed out by the scientific man first, the publication of such a book would not have been open to criticism. But I know enough of sub-

conscious work in cases of the kind to recognize that, even on the spiritistic hypothesis, we would not get what both the believer and the sceptic expects. I have never found any difference between the believer and the sceptic, except this: both have the same conception of the problem, and the only difference is that one believes, and the other denies; and both are wrong.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES H. HYSLOP.

[The name of Professor Hyslop was signed to this letter by the editor. The communication came unsigned. It seems to be in the nature of a reply direct from the professor, but to keep the record straight, this statement as to the signature is appended.—Editor of MIRROR.]

Prof. Kerlin's Comment

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

It is with increasing amazement, and something akin to resentment, that I reflect on your comments upon Prof. Hyslop's review of Mr. Yost's "Patience Worth," in view of the silences of that book and of your numerous articles. How you can nonchalantly—no, not that, but hotly, rather—set aside as unimportant, if not impertinent, the two items in the said review pertaining to Mrs. Curran's acquaintance with earlier English—the English of Chaucer and the archaic survivals in the Ozarks—is to me incomprehensible. Surely, readers of Mr. Yost's book were warranted in assuming that he had given all the facts in Mrs. Curran's life that might have a bearing upon the problem—and especially because of his subtitle, "A Psychic Mystery." One of the mysteries in the case has been the Patience Worth lingo. Who now can question that the explanation has been given? But it is not even hinted at between the covers of "Patience Worth: A Psychic Mystery." Nor can you escape your responsibility in the case. Unless it has been in some issue of the MIRROR that has failed to reach me, you have nowhere intimated that Mrs. Curran had such an experience as living in the Ozarks and such a schooling as the reading of Chaucer with her husband. This has the appearance of knowing concealment; otherwise it is incomprehensible failure to appreciate evidential facts, so egregious as to render both reporters of the case incompetent.

Professor Hyslop's "malice," then, consists in stating the facts which Mr. Yost neglected to give, but which anything like an appreciation of the problem would have urged to the front—facts, too, which, as a "spiritist," the Professor ought to have connived to conceal! Now, I am not a Hyslopite or any species of "spiritist," but I don't relish being imposed upon. I like frankness, and the whole truth, and fair play. I have never been favorable to the acceptance of Patience Worth as a Puritan spinster of the Eastern shore, now dwelling on the Other Shore and sending back to the world in which her poetic yearnings were suppressed, these deep and beautiful effusions of love and longing, but with this difficulty of the language in the way I could not assuredly say that she was Mrs. Curran, or some aspect of Mrs. Curran. But at this late day I am informed, by a hostile reviewer (as quoted) that the medium of these communications has had an adequate contact with archaic English to enable her to invent an archaic dialect of her own—granted something of unusual endowment. It does not at all matter that this dialect is not Chaucer's,—that is wholly aside from the mark. From a reading of Chaucer and from actual contact with a rude people on whose tongues many quaint archaic forms from Chaucer's to Shakespeare's time survive a vivacious spirit, like Mrs. Curran—who also has the writing strain in her family, according to Mr. Hyslop (Mr. Yost silent)—would very readily appropriate, consciously or unconsciously. The trick of inventive imitation, requisite for producing something in a made-up archaic Eng-

lish, is possessed by thousands,—by every fiction writer. Prof. Hyslop, in characterizing the Patience Worth writings as "a mosaic of archaisms" (I quote you) failed only by coming short. His characterization would have been perfect if he had said, "a mosaic of archaisms that never existed."

Having, therefore, had this mystery of the language cleared up for me, I recognize in Patience Worth only another self of Mrs. Curran—not another entirely, either,—certainly not in the sense of the doctrine of multiple or disintegrated personalities as set for by Dr. Morton Prince and his school—but a richer, deeper, retired self, that Self, with a capital letter, which even every frivolous daughter of Eve possesses, as much as ever did the most poetic Puritan spinster of the Eastern shore of the seventeenth century.

Notwithstanding this facile explanation, however, let me add that the wonder in my mind at the beauty and fervor and freshness of these Patience Worth effusions is, as it has been from the first, at the highest pitch—wonder and very much admiration. It is genius, nothing less (nothing more, either) manifested under the most extraordinary

circumstances,—but—and here again my grievance rises up—I would that the case had been kept free from the taint of deception. Either more frankness or more intelligence was called for.

Respectfully (or disrespectfully)

ROBERT T. KERLIN.

Lexington, Va., June 4, 1916.

Letters From the People

As She Didn't Like It

June 13, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Don't you think that if we were as honest as we are civic we'd be willing to admit that *al fresco* drummer on an enormous scale is not all it is cracked up to be? Who wants his "As You Like It" shouted at the top of the voice and strutted in great big strides? Wit that has to be yelled is like jesting with the deaf. And what can one say of playful love-making that likewise has to be shouted? Oh no! Oh, dear me, no. Never!

I am not altogether sorry I went Monday night. The sight of the audience was worth it—if only they had kept still. They were the most rest-

less audience I ever saw. The poor Boy Scouts finally gave up in despair, for nobody stayed put. It was like that famous croquet game in "Alice in Wonderland." You couldn't blame the people. Poor souls, they were in misery for three-fourths of them could neither see nor hear. I know, for I got infected with the general restlessness and I tried out the seats in four different places, the free, the fifty centers, the dollar per, and finally a box! I sympathized with one man who was trying mournfully, by the light of a Boy Scout's pocket torch, to find out from the libretto what it was all about. He gave

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up in despair. The indistinguishable shoutings and caperings on the stage continued. He lumped back in his seat and said, "Isn't this the seventh inning?" The only thing that brought him to life was a Shakespearean joke that he (thought he) heard—the line "Such a nut is Rosalind." That really appealed to him.

In spite of Professor Heller, who regards applauding the scenery as the lowest depth of vileness to which an audience can descend, I maintain that the scenery was the thing most worthy of applause in that whole performance. Had we been gathered together only to see those magnificent trees, like a landscape of Constable's, by the light o' the moon, with perhaps some of the attractive dancing of the epilogue, we would have been quite happy and content. But to try to hear and see something that you can only intermittently hear or see, is a hijjus strain on the attention.

Such a setting as that of "As You Like It" in Forest-of-Arden Park is suited only to silent pageantry done in broad strokes.

As Birskey says to Zapp, "Am I right?"
VINE McCASLAND.

The Oracle

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

There was a cold rain dripping from the long line of sycamore trees, but somewhere in their dense undergrowth a pale gas jet threw down a small spot of light and helped me to read on the Prospect avenue car: "Direct to Billy Sunday." Many have been the ways that lead to oracles; long, green grass glades, as at Delphi; dark, mysterious passages, as in Egypt, but modern oracles who come to us in the form of ex-ballplayers to tell us all about God—what he exactly is, what he will exactly do are now approached in hideous yellow street cars.

More pale gas jets helped us to locate the house of the oracle, surrounded by peanuts, lunch-counters and Williams Inn, where "if you are chuckfull of sin," you may get some measure of relief by eating Williams food and drinking Williams drinks—at least this is what the card read that a small boy gave me as I passed over the sacred saw-dust. A dark stream of water trickled in at the door and on under the saw-dust, making me wonder if colds and pneumonia might not be found along the saw-dust way, but this was a suggestion of the devil I well knew, and with this comforting thought I made my way down a long, long aisle toward an American flag,—strange emblem of liberty in the temple of an oracle dedicated to this one creed only: "You shall believe only what the Bible and Billy Sunday tells you."

Numerous well meaning gentlemen, well decorated with ribbon, and knowing, no doubt, all about God, but seriously in need of being informed of a good barber, stopped me now and then to inquire "if I was with the Paola delegation," but on being informed that "I was *not*," left me to my fate. After covering several miles of damp saw-dust and going down endless lanes of raw, undressed lumber, I came at last to a small clearing under the flag and right at the feet of the oracle.

Two hours to wait before I could hope to hear the big horn of the singing oracle who heralds the advent of one who comes, as oracles have come since the beginning, "In the name of the Lord."

Crowds are always the most interesting thing in world (except oracles, of course), and here was one wanting to hear of death and everlasting torture, of harps and crowns, golden streets and everlasting concerts; of what did they think on this serious and heart-searching hour before the oracle would speak? I gave my earnest heed to fragments of conversation: "I always use part butter." . . . "No, Jennie's dress had two points to the over-drape." . . . "It might be tennis wouldnt' be so bad, but them games sure lead to a lot of sin." . . . "No, I ain't any use for them big colleges like Yale and Harvard; they just tear the Bible all to pieces they tell me." . . . "Now, I tell you there's no use goin' to high-priced places—you can get just as good at the ten-cent store"—and just as I was beginning to feel that this two hours' waiting might after all be the opening of eternity, the choir burst, the big horn tried to do the same, and the oracle had come.

It is, of course, a little disappointing to have an oracle who comes bringing a message of life and death look like a modern business man who sells futures

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on the stock exchange (My, I ought not to have written that about selling futures! Comparisons are odious), but this was even true—to the modish, gray suit and the white canvas shoes—but get thee behind me, Satan, with such thoughts, for the oracle is speaking:

"God made the world in six days—he made a man and a woman (in his own image) and put them in a garden; they ate an apple and brought sin and death into the world. God turned them out and they multiplied and replenished and filled the earth with such bad people God had to wash them all away except Noah and his family. Noah and his family multiplied and replenished and filled the earth with such bad people God did not know what to do, so he called a council in Heaven—God the Father, God the Son, and the Holy Ghost,—and said, 'Who will save the world?' and God the Son said 'I will—I will go down to earth, be born of a virgin (if the Holy Ghost will be my father), grow up as a man, tell the

people how to live in order to be saved, die on the Cross and come back to Heaven. Those who believe what I say and do it we will bring up here to live with us—those who refuse to either do or believe, we will get the Devil to burn up."

The voice of the oracle died down, down, down and then in one great shout of triumph—"And if you do not do and believe as I tell you, the Devil will get you and burn you up now and forever more. Amen."—The oracle had spoken.

Mr. Sunday will be very interesting when he reaches his proper place. Had he been born earlier he might have had a place in those wonderful chapters of "The Golden Bough." If William James were here he would be delighted to give him a place in his "Varieties of Religious Experiences." Andrew D. White could have used him well in his "Warfare of Science With Theology." It was surely after hearing Mr. Sunday that Mary Austin wrote: "All the God

tales come straight out of the heart of some man—and all the devil tales also."

We hope that Mr. Sunday will go down to fame in some learned encyclopedia under the title, "Ancient Forms of Psychology," but this is a practical age and even oracles must do their part. So we are glad to have Mr. Sunday. We know and Mr. Sunday knows that his saw-dust trail and his "God he took from a printed book," are only small accessories to the advertising of Greater Kansas City.

NORA RODES GRAY.

3319 Prospect Ave., Kansas City.

♦♦♦

Summer Shows

Beginning Monday evening the next offering at the Park Theater will be "The Fortune Teller," another of the Herbert-Smith early successes. It was first produced in 1889 with Alice Neilson in the roles of Irma and Musette; Anne Bussert will sing them in the present production.

"Pretty Mrs. Smith," now playing at the Park, marks the final appearance of Royal Cutter and George Natanson, who have been with the company for many weeks. A feature of the present attraction is the interpolated number, "Let's Go to Mexico," written, composed and sung by the popular Billy Kent.

The Shenandoah's second week of pictures is crowding the house to capacity each night. Ethel Clayton and Carlyle Blackwell will be seen in "His Brother's Wife" to-night and Nance O'Neil in "The Flames of Johannis" on Saturday. Charles Chaplin in a two part-comedy, "Police," is scheduled for the entire week.

♦♦♦

Blackfoot's Masterpiece

By Sherwood Anderson

I came out of the Fifth Avenue Auction Room and it was snowing. I had just seen Blackfoot's canvas sold for twenty thousand dollars and Ramsey, the connoisseur and dealer, had come up to my friend Trycup, who stood fingering a stick beside me, and had made a little speech. Trycup, like Blackfoot before him, is a painter of promise. Blackfoot, you know, went insane, is tucked away in some asylum upstate. Ramsey touched Trycup on the shoulder and spoke benevolently. I couldn't stand it. The speech made me half ill. "Keep your shoulders straight, my boy," said Ramsey. "Breathe deeply and keep your shoulders straight."

I went over to Fifty-eighth street and asked a woman to dine with me. She is a sensitive, aristocratic-looking woman, came from somewhere out in the Middle West, and I wanted to hurt her. I thought I should tell her the story and watch her sensitive face quiver. There was something almost perverse in my desire to hurt so lovely a child and there is some of the same perversion in my wanting to see Blackfoot's story spread upon the printed page. I want to hurt many people, if I can.

As I went into the restaurant with my woman friend that evening after the picture was sold, the proprietor stepped forward to take my coat. He is grey and unctuous and looks like Ramsey.

His hand fell on my shoulder and I heard his voice saying softly, "You've become a bit round-shouldered, my boy. Better straighten up. Get into the habit of breathing deeply and throw your shoulders back."

I didn't hit the restaurant man. Perhaps my hand trembled too much. Instead, I snatched the coat from his hands and ran and the woman ran after me. "You go to the devil," I shouted to the man and when the woman caught up to me I went along past droves of people, past the dead, perplexed, evil-looking people who let the great Blackfoot go insane in their midst, telling the tale I now tell to you. It hurt my woman friend as I knew it would. I hope it will hurt you also.

Blackfoot was a poor artist in New York City twenty years ago. That isn't anything special, but then you see he was a real artist and that is always something special. He was married to the daughter of a laundryman and lived over in that medley of streets in lower Manhattan, known as Greenwich Village.

I won't talk of his poverty. It was horrible, but that isn't the point. Comfort and an established place in the world are sometimes quite as horrible. Anyway, there he was in the dark, cheap little flat, with children crawling about underfoot, and other children always coming, and disorder and dirt everywhere about him.

Blackfoot was a thin, pale man of thirty, and he was round-shouldered. He should have straightened his shoulders and breathed more deeply, there can be no doubt of that. It is a good rule for any man to adopt who marries a laundryman's daughter, given to the having of babies, and who lives with her in a flat in Greenwich Village in New York City.

One day Blackfoot painted this picture. He got to work at it one gloomy morning in February and something happened. Order sprang out of disorder. His brush fairly sang across the canvas. All day he worked and half the next day, and his soul was glad. He forgot all of the facts of his disorderly life and just worked. The picture had everything in it—balance, poise, movement, and that most damnable elusive of all things in a work of art, sheer lyrical beauty.

Of course, Blackfoot felt like quite a man when the job was done. He put on a frayed overcoat and hunted out a cane he hadn't carried for five years, and then he went striding off to see Ramsey. He knew Ramsey would know what he had done and that Ramsey had money. It is a combination hard to find. There wasn't anyone to go to but Ramsey, you see.

As Blackfoot went along he came to a resolution. The most absurd notion came to his mind. He put a price on the picture he had painted. "I'll have twelve hundred dollars for it, by God," he told himself.

Blackfoot met Fred Morris on the street. Everyone in New York knows Fred. He is a good soul who makes money out of art, and paints pictures that sell. He was genuinely interested in what Blackfoot had done and congratulated him. "Good work, old man," he said, when the excited artist had told him the story, and then he touched

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Blackfoot on the shoulder with his stick. "You want to straighten yourself up," he said. "You're getting a little too round-shouldered. I take a walk every afternoon and throw my shoulders back. It has been good for me. You had better do that."

Ramsey came the next morning to see Blackfoot's picture. You get a sense of him, grey and quiet and sure, picking his way through Blackfoot's place among the kids and into the room where the picture was hung. He knew at once that a big job had been done and frankly said so. "Of course," he said, "you have come through big. What do you

want for the thing? I'll take it right now."

Blackfoot was glad. He knew what he had done, but he wanted Ramsey to know also. "Twelve hundred dollars," he said quickly.

Ramsey shook his head. "I'll give a thousand," he answered, and when Blackfoot got angry and began to storm about the room, he was very gentlemanly and decent. "Let's let it go," he said. "It doesn't matter. No good our getting into a row. I think you are going to be a big man and frankly I don't want to quarrel with you." He started toward the door. "By George, Black-

foot, you have some fine children," he muttered. "Take good care of yourself. You have responsibility here. I've noticed you're getting a little round-shouldered. I was in the army myself. That started me right. I got into the right physical habits, you see."

Blackfoot waited a week before he went back to Ramsey. In a way he thought he had been too hasty. "A man's got to take things as they come, and I can't expect to have others feel as I do about my work," he said. Putting on the frayed overcoat he went over to Ramsey's place, forgetting this time to carry the cane.

Ramsey showed his hoofs. He offered Blackfoot seven hundred dollars for the canvas. He was soft-voiced and gentlemanly, just as before, but that's all he would give and Blackfoot just turned and went out through the door, too furious to speak. He wanted to kill someone. Artists are that way. When you apply what the world calls common sense business methods to your dealings with them, they don't understand.

Ramsey finally got the canvas for four hundred dollars. Blackfoot made two more trips to his place and the last time he gave up. He had come out of Ramsey's house and was standing in the grey twilight looking up and down the street, not intending to give in at all, and then he just did. Rushing back, he accepted the four hundred dollars for the canvas that later sold for twenty thousand, and took the money in bills on the spot.

I haven't, I hope, overdone Blackfoot's poverty. I don't really remember how many children he had, not more than three or four, perhaps, but there was another coming. Of course, he was in debt at the grocery and to the landlord and had no credit.

The four hundred helped a lot. Things were brought in and a woman was employed to clean up and feed the children. Blackfoot himself built a roaring fire in the fireplace in his wife's room. He seemed happy enough, but he was tired. At ten o'clock he went to bed in a room with two of the children.

That's the last anyone ever saw of Blackfoot. The chattering thing up in the asylum who runs about telling people to breathe deeply and straighten up their shoulders has nothing to do with the man who painted the canvas I saw sold to-day.

Blackfoot went out with a swing. Bless his heart for that. It must have been two o'clock in the morning when his wife awoke on her cot in the corner of the little living-room, and saw her husband sitting in a chair by the open fire. He had on a torn pair of pajamas and one of the legs was ripped so that his long, thin leg showed through, and the poor fool had searched out the walking-stick and had it hanging on his arm. When his wife screamed he paid no attention at first, but presently he got up and came on tiptoe across the room to her. With the cane he touched her on the arm. "Straighten your shoulders," he said softly. "You must breathe deeply and throw your shoulders back."

That's all he said, and the wonder is that his wife did not go insane also. For when the woman awoke she saw something that must have made her heart stop beating. The thing she saw was as fine as the painting of the great

picture. There in the firelight, in the little flat in Greenwich Village, with the cane hooked over his arm, Blackfoot had done a lovely thing. Alone in the silence, with his mind gone, and everyone asleep, he had fed the bills given him by Ramsey one by one into the fire. —From the Forum for June.

♦♦♦

The Eleven Mules

By Maxime Serpeille

It was in the heroic days of the battle of the Marne, in September of the year 1914. A suburban contractor, whose business it was to haul great loads of hay to the artillery depot of the fortified camp of Paris, was returning toward the capital after having made a delivery, when he met on the road a train of eleven mules loaded with machine guns, cartridge belts, and all their military equipment.

No troops were to be seen in the neighborhood, no straggling soldiers—nobody. The poor animals were lost, abandoned; and with an air of melancholy they nibbled along the roadside banks a few blades of grass that had not been crushed by regiments which had lately passed that way.

Our contractor, whom we shall call, with the reader's permission, M. M—, felt that it was his duty to prevent the mules from wandering indefinitely whither they would. He attached them, therefore, to the back of his hay-wagons, and in this wise having conducted them to his home, he unharnessed them and left them in the stable.

Forty-eight hours later he betook himself to the headquarters of the Military Government, intending to relate what had befallen him and to ask for instructions as to how he could return what he had found. They told him to go the War Office.

By reason of his occupation, M. M— was obliged to make long and frequent journeys, and it was not always easy for him to go to Paris. Consequently several days had passed before he was able to visit the rue Saint-Dominique.

There, to begin with, he was compelled to give many explanations to various orderlies, and to traverse many corridors before he was taken to a room where he found an officer. After hearing his account of the strange adventure, the officer spoke in this manner:

"I should first of all tell you that here at the Ministry we have nothing to do with all that. I shall not conceal from you, however, that your situation is rather serious, and that you have exposed yourself to grave annoyances. From what you have told me it is evident that you are detaining certain animals which—"

"What? I detain them?" interrupted M. M—. "I don't detain them, seeing that I am only trying to return them."

"I understand very well. You do not detain them voluntarily, but you detain them all the same, as you have not given them back."

"But who can I give them back to? That is what I came here to find out."

"I repeat that all this does not concern us, and what I am telling you is in your own interest. But as you thought it your duty to take these mules

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in charge—which was a great piece of imprudence—you should at least have sent them back to their regiment at once."

"Their regiment! But I don't know it! I have tried in vain to make out the number on their hoofs; and if I should succeed in reading it, will you tell me where the regiment is?"

"No. It is forbidden to tell where regiments are."

"Then?"

"Then, then, it is just as I told you; you have got yourself into a bad mess."

"Well, what must I do with these animals, and the machine guns, and harness?"

"What! there are machine guns?"

"Certainly."

"Ah! you should have said so in the first place. In that case it is very simple: go to the Artillery Headquarters in the Place Saint-Thomas d'Aquin. This is their affair."

* * * * *

Anxious to be quit of the whole muddle as quickly as possible, M. M— went next day to Artillery Headquarters. There they received him graciously, and promised to have the military materiel taken away immediately. Several artillerymen came, indeed, for the machine guns, cartridges, etc., . . . but they declined positively to take the mules, insisting that they had received

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no orders with regard to these animals.

M. M— returned, therefore, to Artillery Headquarters, where they said to him:

"Ah! the mules. We have nothing to do with them. We have only to do with artillery materiel!"

Not knowing what course to pursue, M. M— went again to the War Of-

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fice, where he was received by the officer whom he had seen before:

"What! You here again? Then you did not go to Artillery Headquarters?"

"Yes, I went; but they don't want to take the mules."

"That's no affair of mine. So much the worse for them. Keep the mules. Do what you like with them. It's no business of mine."

By the time he left the War Office, M. M— had made a firm resolution: this was to make no further effort to return these animals that nobody wanted.

He tranquilly returned, therefore, to his business; and as the mules, well fed and cared for, began to have need of exercise, he hitched them from time to time to his hay-wagons. Then one day some market-gardeners begged him to hire out some of the mules to them, as their horses had been requisitioned.

M. M— consented, and for five francs a day and their food he successively hired out ten of the mules. The eleventh he kept for his own use, because it behaved particularly well harnessed to a cabriolet.

Months passed in this manner. M. M— made fifty francs a day with the animals they had obliged him to keep, and he should have been well satisfied. But at heart he was not; he had scruples, and he felt the need of confiding them to a few friends whom he met in the evening at the café. He related his adventure. Did he relate it accurately, and confess that he was making a profit out of the mules? I do not know. Nevertheless, it is true that one of his friends, sympathizing with him in the dilemma, promised to bring the affair to the attention of an acquaintance of his who was a Commissariat officer, and who would surely arrange everything.

In fact, a few days later M. M— was summoned to the quarters of the officer in question, who received him with the greatest courtesy.

"Yes, exactly," he said at once, "I know all about it. You have some military mules that you found astray and took home and you are taking very good care of them. But it is quite natural that you should not want to bear the expense of their keep. Here are some tickets for oats and hay, and when these are used up I will give you others. I regret that you did not come to see me sooner."

"But am I to keep the mules?"

"Surely, surely; and don't bother yourself at all, you know. I have tickets for provender at your service. Till later, then, M. M—."

What would you have had M. M— do? . . . I appeal to the most scrupulous reader.—Translated from the French for The New Witness.

Marts and Money

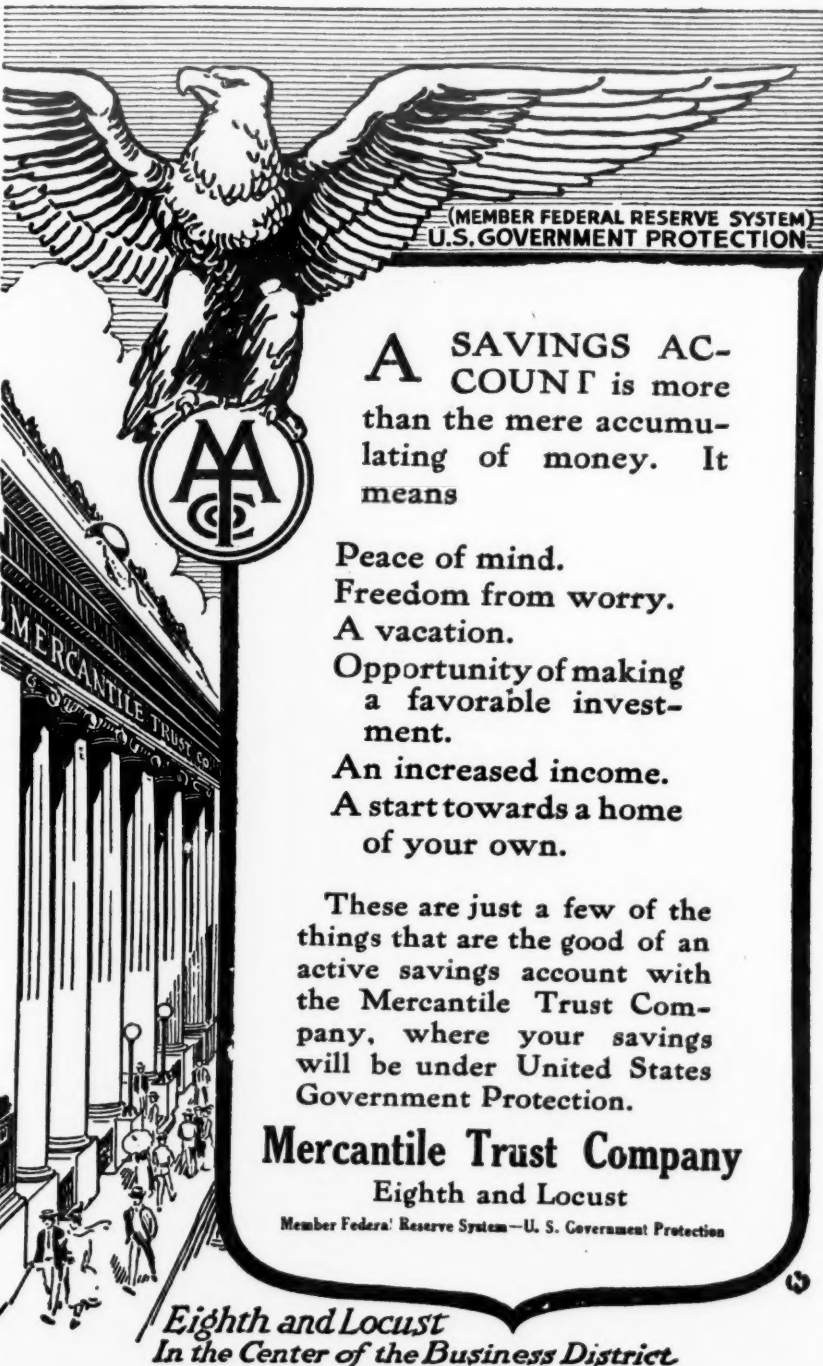
There were no important developments in the Stock Exchange in New York. The daily totals of transfers showed considerable contraction, despite the heavy trading in shares of questionable or highly over-rated merits. Especially prominent features were American Beet Sugar common, New York Air Brake, South Porto Rico Sugar common, Texas Oil, United Fruit, and Willys Overland certificates. An at-

tempt was made to start a "splurge" in Pacific Mail stock, but the results were not particularly interesting. The quotations for the staid old things in the industrial, railroad, and public utility departments were well maintained; in some cases, the excess of demand brought moderate advances. The most noteworthy improvement in price was recorded by Illinois Central; it amounted to \$4. On April 17 last, this stock could be obtained at 99¾. The prices of war certificates displayed tentatively upward tendencies, as a result, mostly, of the elaborate preparedness programmes, but in the majority of instances they still are very materially below the best levels of 1915. Baldwin Locomotive, common is quoted at 90¾, against 154½ on October 23 last. The prevailing quotation for Crucible Steel common denotes a decline of \$25; that for Westinghouse Electric common one of \$28, and that for Bethlehem Steel common one of \$150. In other pertinent instances, the depreciation ranges from \$10 to \$20.

The price of United States Steel common, advanced about \$2.50, the top notch being 86¼, against 89½ on December 27. The increased inquiry for these shares was anticipatory, to some extent, of the corporation's May statement, which revealed another enlargement—of 108,000 tons—in the aggregate of unfilled orders as of the last day of the month. The exact record was 9,937,798 tons—a new absolute maximum. There continues to be a great deal of cheerful predicting as to increased payments to owners of the common stock. This accounts for the obvious willingness of speculators to "take on" a long line of Steel every time the stock's movements seem satisfactory, or Chairman Gary orates felicitously, post-prandially or otherwise. Enthusiasts avow unabated confidence in a rise to par before a great while. They may be right; the stock does act in a peculiar manner, and has acted so for several weeks. At any rate, Steel is a tempting gamble for people whose finances are in comfortable shape. The risks are of a superior sort, however, in view of the advance of fifty points since February, 1915. Moreover, there must be drawn into consideration the perceptible slackening of the economic pulse-beat of the Nation.

The political results at Chicago came in for commendatory comment; so, too, did the statement given out by the nominee—Charles Evans Hughes. The promises of protective legislation were especially relished. They were considered of auspicious omen for the great corporations and their stockholders.

There was a disposition, also, to draw encouraging inferences from the news of Russian successes in Volhynia and Galicia. It was argued that they constituted a serious peril to the Central Empires. The advance from 57½ to 60 in the quotation for the 2½ per cent old British Consols was construed as indicative of a resurgence of hopeful feelings in Great Britain. The last mentioned price is the highest in several months. If its establishment had been attended by similar betterment in the quotations for the bonds of the French



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and German Governments, one would feel inclined to believe that peace *pourparlers* might not be far off in the future. The financial betterment in London was helped along by a further strengthening in the position of the Bank of England. The present reserve ratio is 33½ per cent, against 15 per cent in the first week of August, 1914. Walter Bagehot fixed the danger line at 40 per cent. In *ante-bellum* times, the seasonal reserve ratio in London ranged from 48 to 52 per cent. The position of the Bank of France remains disquieting, to say the least. The progressive inflation of paper currency betrays a grave state of affairs. The financial pinch in Italy is plainly reflected in the Cabinet

crisis at Rome. In view of the serious economic distress and dislocation in all the warring countries, the growing sensitiveness of speculators on the stock, grain and metal markets can easily be comprehended. The notion exists that the final collapse cannot be far off.

The American Smelting & Refining Co. has reduced the New York price of lead to 6.95 cents a pound. About three months ago, the quotation was 8 cents; a year ago, 5 cents. The Utah and one or two other copper companies announced further increases in dividend payments the other day but the prices of their shares were not improved thereby in notable ways. The current value of Utah is 82¼, against 81½ a week

ago. Chino Copper shows an appreciation of about \$1. The opinion is strongly held in observant quarters that the present price for spot copper—29.25 cents a pound—cannot be maintained much longer by the leading selling firms, the Anaconda Copper, and the agencies—the American Smelting & Refining, Dodge Companies. Dealers of secondary standing already are quoting 26 to 27 cents for electrolytic. The price of spelter is \$12.37½ at this moment; about a year ago, Joplin sold large quantities at over \$100, to the lively tunes of brass bands.

New York quotes 61¼ cents per ounce for bar silver, against 77¼ some weeks ago. In this case, the main depressive influences can be detected in heavy selling for syndicate account in London, in the throwing on the Indian market of \$6,000,000 old Philippine pesos by a Chinese combination of speculators, and in the recurrent intimations of peace in the fall months. The metal's lowest price in 1914 was 46½ cents. With regard to this particular subject, the National City Bank of New York makes the following observations, in part: "The immediate cause of the rapid rise was the imperative demand from the mints of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia for bullion for their subsidiary coins. The British mint coined \$39,000,000 worth of silver in 1915, compared with an average coinage in the last ten years of less than \$5,000,000. The French mint, which ordinarily coins from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000 of silver annually, will this year coin ten times as much. The explanation is to be found in the fact that these nations are trying to conserve the use of gold by holding it in reserves, and the public takes more kindly to silver than to paper currency. In addition to the European demand, the demand from India, which has been light since the outbreak of the war, has been increasing in recent months." In the search for causes for the enhancement in the value of silver, we must not overlook the substantial decline in the output in Mexico, nor the inflation of prices of commodities and wages in all parts of the world. It is reasonable to hold that the next three or four years should witness a considerable modification of the single monetary standard in Europe; some has already occurred.

The latest weekly statement of the Clearing-House banks and trust companies in New York discloses a \$16,000,000 replenishment of surplus reserves, the total of which is placed at \$72,700,000. The betterment in this respect was the consequence of decreases of \$73,000,000 and \$61,000,000 in deposit and loan items, respectively. At this time in 1915, the surplus reserves were approximately \$180,000,000. The publication of the statement was preceded by a rise to 4 per cent in the rate for six-month loans, the level foretold by me in these columns a little over a month ago. For two and three months, the charges are 3½ to 3¾ per cent; they were 2 to 2¾ in the first three months of the year. The rate for call loans went up to 4 per cent a few days ago, the highest level in two years.

The little flurry in money rates coincided with reports of additional loans to the Allied Governments; there were hints, likewise, that merger operations in the motor industry involved large requisitions upon the supplies of loanable funds. The total imports of gold, so far in 1916, now stand at almost \$40,000,000.

The report of the Department of Agriculture foreshadowed a winter wheat harvest of 469,000,000 bushels, against one of 655,000,000 last year; the probable spring wheat yield is put at 246,000,000; last year's record was 356,400,000. The indicated shrinkage in wheat production thus amounts to 300,000,000 bushels.

♦

Finance in St. Louis.

It was a quiet sort of a market on Fourth Street. There was not much demand for any of the popular securities. Brokers and their customers had plenty of time for discussing national politics and the varying movements in Wall Street. Prices were steady to firm in nearly all cases. Forty shares of Bank of Commerce were taken at the uniform figure of 105.50, denoting an advance of about a half point. Five shares of Mississippi Valley Trust brought 297.50, and twenty-five American Central Insurance, 132.25. In view of the rising value of money, it would appear as though the stocks of banks and trust companies should record some additional enhancement in prices.

The 4 per cent bonds of the United Railways Company continue to be sold at sagging prices. Ten thousand dollars were transferred at prices varying from 59.87½ to 59.25. The stock certificates were ignored. Two thousand dollars St. Louis & Suburban first 5s were taken at 100.50. The price of the general mortgage 5s was maintained at 78.

There were no special favorites in the industrial group. Fifty Wagner Electric were transferred at 241.12½—an unchanged figure; ten Chicago Railway Equipment at 97.25 and 98; twenty-five International Shoe preferred at 110; five Union Sand & Material at 76; \$1,000 Kinloch Telephone 6s at 105.50, and five Ely-Walker D. G. first preferred at 110.

The financial community in St. Louis professed deep interest in the sale of the Granby Mining & Smelting Co. to the American Zinc, Lead & Smelting Co. for \$7,500,000. Twenty thousand shares of the stock were transferred at \$375—a bonanza price, sure enough. Last year, owing to the extraordinarily large demand and high prices for zinc (spelter), the Granby earned \$1,500,000 on a capitalization of \$2,000,000.

At the local banks and trust companies, charges for loans are somewhat higher, in sympathy, in part, with the rise in call and time rates down East.

♦

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Merchants-Laclede	285
Commerce	105½
St. Louis Union Trust	372½
Sub. 1st 5s	100¼	100¾
do gen. 5s	76	77
Broadways	98
Cass Av. 4½s	97	97½
Compton Heights	100¼	100¾
Lindells	98

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A New York investigation showed that 73 per cent of the litigation over wills concerned their meaning and legal effect.

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St. L. Cotton Comp.	34¾
Union Sand	65	76½
Granite	65	75
Lac. Gas com.	101½	106½
do 5s	94½	95
Kinloch L. D. 5s	91
K. C. Sou. 5s	98¼
Chl. Ry. Equip.	250	252½
Wagner Electric	4	5
United Ry. com.	15½
do pfd.	59½	59¾
do 4s

Answers to Inquiries.

STOCKHOLDER, St. Louis: St. Louis Cotton Compress is a speculative stock. The current price of 35 is \$3 below the top mark of 1915. If you wish to add to your holdings, instruct your broker to purchase at a moderate decline, or, say, at about 33. The cotton industry's prospects are good for the next few years, and it is conceivable, therefore, that Cotton Compress shares might register a noteworthy improvement in the next twelve months.

DISAPPOINTED, St. Louis: There's a probability that the common dividend of the Baltimore & Ohio will be raised from 5 to 6 per cent per annum in the next few weeks. The present quotation of 92 doesn't seem exaggerated, therefore. Earnings are large. They indicate that at least 10 per cent is earned on the \$152,000,000 common stock, after payment of the 4 per cent on the \$60,000,000 preferred. If you are not in financial straits, stick to your holdings. Ultimately, perhaps in less than a year,

you will be given a chance to liquidate at your figure—106¼.

M. J. U., St. Joseph, Mo.: Wall Street believes there's a strong "bull" clique operating in Colorado Fuel & Iron, and that the object is accumulation at prices ranging from 41 to 45. On September 29, 1915, sales were made at 66½. Most every trader has the "tip" to buy at the present price of 43. The antecedents of the stock are not creditable, but the company is doing a fine business these days. You should not buy unless you can afford to lose.

QUIDQUAM, Madison, Wis.: The wheat market should do considerably better two or three months from now. The summer months are almost invariably a season of depression. In August, 1915, wheat was down to 97, a few months later, the price was close to \$1.40. Don't hesitate to buy in the event of a further sharp decline, regardless of peace talk.

TYRO, Baton Rouge, La.: (1) Hold your Illinois Central. Prospects for a resumption of payments at 7 per cent are brightening right along. (2) You will no doubt have opportunity to buy Crucible Steel common at a lower price than 85 some time hence, even if a dividend should be declared in the meantime. The end of the war will bring some instructive lessons as to the differences between quoted and intrinsic values.

New Books Received

CULTURE AND WAR by Simon Nelson Patten. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 60c net.

An elucidation of the German social ideal for the benefit of the Anglo-American world, by one who has had German university training and lifelong association with English and American habits of mind. Dr. Patten interprets modern German philosophy with relation to the state and asserts that the root of the war lies in the conflict of ideals.

INVITING WAR—TO AMERICA by Allan L. Benson. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.00 net.

A timely book on Preparedness by the author of "The Truth About Socialism," witty, ironical, grimly humorous, but above all, earnest and sincere. He condemns the present plan of preparedness as fraudulent and designed to advance private interests at the expense of the nation; he advocates mines, coast artillery and submarines for real defense and a nationalization of munition factories. To preserve peace he would remove the causes of war—in our case, as he sees it, the Philippine Islands, the Monroe Doctrine and the Panama Canal; the first he would abandon, the second modify and the third neutralize. Though frankly socialistic, the book deserves a reading by all who are honestly interested in Preparedness.

A HISTORY OF SCULPTURE by Harold North Fowler. New York: MacMillan & Co.; \$2.00.

A history of sculpture from the beginnings of civilization in Egypt and Babylonia to the present day, intended for the use of the general public and the young student. Contains two hundred excellent illustrations and a bibliography. Indexed.

EAT AND BE WELL by Eugene Christian. F. S. D. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.00.

Diet for the cure of disease and maintenance of health; menus compiled at the request of the publisher from Dr. Christian's twenty years' experience as food expert.

WHAT IS COMING by H. G. Wells. New York: MacMillan & Co.; \$1.50.

A European forecast dealing with social conditions after the war. Mr. Wells combines fantasy, analysis, synthesis to a happy result.

THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR DISCOVERS AMERICA by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday-Page & Co.; \$1.50.

A novel of mystery and adventure written in the breezy Williamson style, being moreover a very excellent guide for a motor trip through New England. There are numerous charts and full page illustrations of the New England topography and scenery.

ALCOHOL—ITS INFLUENCE ON MIND AND BODY by Edwin F. Bowers, M. D. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1.25 net.

Scientific facts marshalled to prove that even the mildest drinking of alcoholic liquors has a deleterious effect on the human body and mind; that beer, particularly, has no food value, but "is even more hotting and dangerous than liquor." Forcefully written.

MURDER by David S. Greenberg. New York: The Hour Publisher; \$1.50 net.

A serious novel depicting as inevitable man's tendency to crime when fortune, hope and ambition are lacking. An indictment of economic conditions and especially of capital punishment.

SHAMBLES by Henry T. Schmitz, Ph. D. Stelton, N. J.: Modern School, Ferrer Colony.

An anti-militaristic play, in pamphlet form, with an introduction by Leonard D. Abbott.

BERGSON AND RELIGION by Lucius Horkin Miller. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

An attempt to assess the religious value of Bergson's teaching. While giving the main lines of Bergson's thought, it is a book on religion rather than philosophy since in each instance the argument passes to a discussion of the religious implication of that thought. The author is the assistant professor of Biblical instruction at Princeton University.

WHAT EVERY BUSINESS WOMAN SHOULD KNOW by Lillian C. Kearney. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

A complete guide to business usages and requirements, with explanations of business terms and commercial forms, arranged for convenient reference in encyclopedic form. Everything catalogued, indexed and explained, from Bibliolatry to the Y. W. C. A.

RAILWAY EXPANSION IN LATIN AMERICA by Frederick M. Halsey. New York: Moody Magazine & Book Company; \$1.50.

A narrative account of the origin and development of the principal railway systems of South and Central America. The ownership, territory, mileage, traffic, cost of operation, outstanding stocks and bonds, earnings, etc., of each railway is concisely given. There are forty-one full and half page illustrations and four large clear insert maps. The author is statistician in one of the largest brokerage houses of America and has written "The Railways of South and Central America."

THE PHOTOPLAY by Hugo Munsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.75 net.

A study of the movies from a psychological and aesthetic standpoint.

ALCOHOL AND SOCIETY by John Koren. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Mr. Koren was commissioned by the United States Government to study liquor legislation abroad; he included in his research twelve of the principal countries of Europe and Australia and Canada. He went into the work, not to prove a hypothesis but to arrive at the truth and this book is the result of his dispassionate

investigation, his unbiased judgment. Consideration is given to the social aspects of drink, drink reform in the United States and various foreign countries, constructive temperance reform, local option, taxation, licensing and the government income therefrom, etc. Mr. Koren has written other books on the liquor subject and gained fame as the writer of the report of the Committee of Fifty.

THEY SHALL NOT PASS by Frank H. Simonds. New York: Doubleday-Page & Co.; \$1.00 net.

An interpretation of the meaning and an analysis of the strategy of the battle of Verdun. The title is the English of the watchword of the French army in that battle, "Ils ne passeront pas!"

U. S. GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS, TO BE HAD UPON REQUEST.

FINAL REPORT OF THE COMMISSION ON INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS, including the report of Basil L. Marly (director of research and investigation) and the individual reports and statements of the several commissioners. Reprinted from Senate Doc. No. 415, 61st Congress, 269 pp.

NOMINATION OF LOUIS D. BRANDEIS. Hearings before the subcommittee of the committee on the judiciary United States Senate, on the nomination of Louis D. Brandeis to be an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, together with the report of the subcommittee on the judiciary thereon. In two volumes. Vol. I. 1319 pp.

NOMINATION OF LOUIS D. BRANDEIS. Hearings before the subcommittee of the committee on the judiciary United States Senate, on the nomination of Louis D. Brandeis to be an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Part 22. May 12, 1916. Printed by the committee on the judiciary. 174 pp.

THE REPUBLIC OF CHILE by Hon. W. G. McAdoo. An address delivered at the luncheon given by the Minister of Finance of Chile at the Union Club in Santiago, Chile, on April 16, 1916, in honor of W. G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury. 5 pp.

INTERNATIONAL HIGH COMMISSION by Hon. W. G. McAdoo. An address delivered at the conference of the International High Commission at Buenos Aires, Argentina, on April 4, 1916, by W. G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury. 7 pp.

Perils of Precipitateness

One of San Francisco's prominent citizens was tearing along a country road not long ago, his machine registering a giddy speed, and as he was still several miles away from the nearest town, was amazed as he approached the crossroads to see a uniformed peace officer step out and block the way. Realizing the speed he had been making, and fearing he had broken some new county law, he halted and asked, "Well, what is it?" "Sir, I must—" "Look here, constable," interrupted the motorist. "Pick this up and keep your mouth shut." And a five-dollar gold piece clinked upon the road. The policeman quickly stooped his blue official back, and in a twinkling the motorist had bounded on, the driver chuckling with glee at having escaped the law. Some twenty minutes later that motorist was heard to murmur, on recovering consciousness: "I wonder if that officer simply wanted to warn me that a tree had fallen across the road."

Hokus—Closest claims that when charity is needed, he is always the first to put his hand in his pocket.

Pokus—Yes; and he keeps it there till the danger is over.—Topeka Journal.

Visitor (board ship)—What does he blow that bugle for?

Officer—Tattoo.

Visitor—I've often seen it on their arms, but I never knew they had a special time for doing it.—Life.

The Gunner's Mate—Have you found the range?

The Landlubber—Yes, sir. The enemy's ship is about eight blocks east and then just around the corner.—Punch.

"Where is your wife going this summer?" "She's looking around for some place where none of the women have



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." No. 2

James Madison—"Father of the Constitution"

THE FOURTH PRESIDENT of the United States considered it a greater honor to be declared the Father of the Constitution than to have been elected twice to the highest office in the gift of his countrymen. No more ardent, intelligent, far-sighted and constant student of governmental problems ever lived than Madison. He it was who labored with all his gigantic ability and indomitable will to have deeply imbedded in our National law those vital principles which forever guarantee to all Americans Religious, Commercial and Personal Liberty. In private life he was genial and social—yet temperate. Many a foaming glass of good barley-malt beer he drank with his bosom friend Thomas Jefferson—"Father of the Declaration of Independence." Madison died at 85 and Jefferson at 83; both were unalterably opposed to tyrannous Prohibition Laws, and advocated legislation which encouraged the brewing industry. Upon the tenets of the Constitution of the U. S. A., to which Madison devoted the best of his genius, Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. Today 7500 people are daily required to produce and market their honest brews. Their chief brand, the famous BUDWEISER, is sold throughout the civilized world—the drink of your forefathers—the drink of the noblest men who ever lived—the drink of the great triumphant nations. BUDWEISER sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

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10c and 25c
FOR ALL PAIN—
FOR HEADACHES NEURALGIA AND LAGRIPE TABLETS

more than two gowns. She has three.—Life.

"How much vas dose collars?" "Two for a quarter." "How much for fun?" "Fifteen cents." "Giff me de odder vun."—Yale Record.

Collector—Did you look at that little bill I left yesterday, sir?

House Member—Yes; it has passed the first reading.—Boston Globe.

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